

BLOCKADED HAVANA AND THE NEW CUBA--Illustrated.

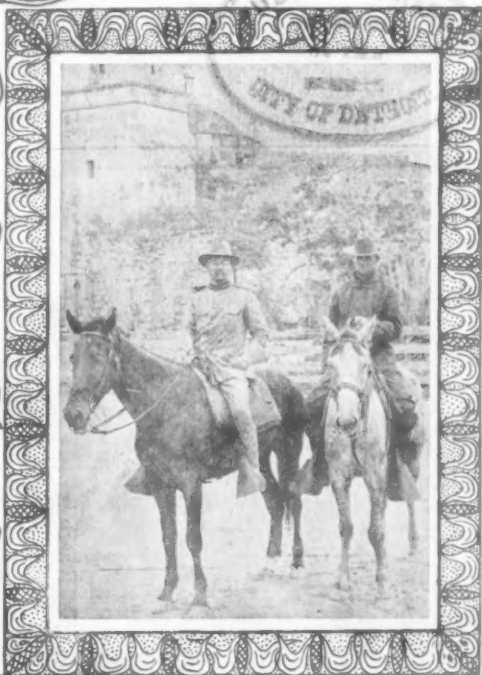
VOLUME X

OCTOBER, 1898

NUMBER 4

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

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VOLUME X.

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THE CUBAN CAPITAL BEFORE AND AFTER THE WAR.

CUBA'S IMMEDIATE FUTURE—CHANCES FOR AMERICANS IN THE
KLONDYKE OF THE TROPICS.

BY GILSON WILLETS.

ON THE 15th of March, one month after the murder of the Maine, I had breakfast on board His Spanish Majesty's battleship, *Viscaya*, in Havana harbor. I was the guest of a young lieutenant whom I had previously met in New York. He was a fine fellow, taller than the average Spaniard, well set up and graceful with his English. Said he: "If I could only see the Maine riding over there at anchor, I would give this;" and he indicated his right hand. That young man has since given, not only his right hand, but his whole body, his life. He perished with the *Viscaya* in that memorable engagement off Santiago.

Two weeks later I boarded the steamship *Panama*, of the Spanish Trans-Atlantic line. The ship was about to sail on one of her regular trips with passengers for New York. The captain was a fine old salt, even if he was a Spaniard. He ordered cocktails—his steward made the finest cocktails to be had in Cuba—and as we touched glasses that jolly captain said earnestly: "No fighting! No war!" Alas for the perverseness of things, alas for wishes made on April Fool's day, the *Panama* was the first prize and her captain the first prisoner of the war.

The good ship was captured on her return trip to Havana,—that jolly, earnest captain unaware that war had been declared.

On the 8th of April, the day before the remnant of the American colony left Havana with General Lee, I went with other correspondents to the palace to see Dr. Congosto, Blanco's sec-

retary-in-chief, the man behind the throne in Cuba. Dr. Congosto wanted peace preserved; wished he was well out of the whole mess and back at his old post as Spanish Consul in Philadelphia. But he was a loyal subject of Alphonso and a faithful hireling of Blanco. He was also excitable. The correspondents often said things that exasperated the secretary. To-day, irritated, tantalized to the point of fury, he cried: "Go 'way, you *canaille*. I hate you. I will not talk with you, you Yankee pigs!"

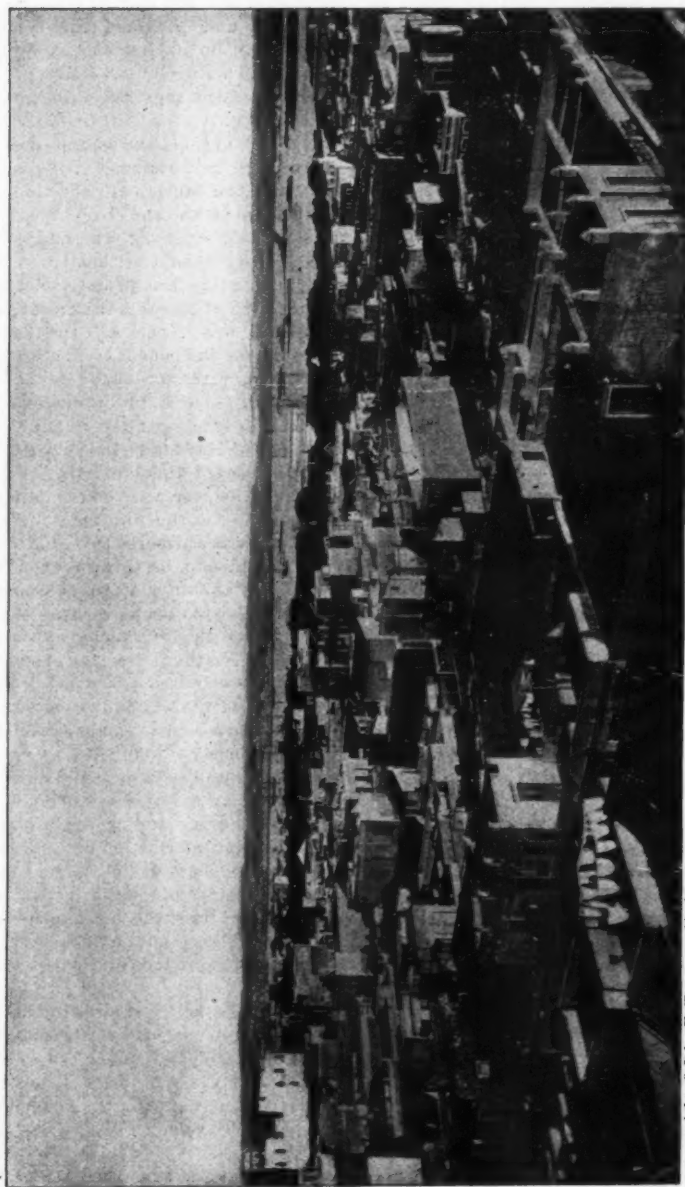
I have brought forward these incidents as illustrations of the fact that what is said in Havana is said in all Cuba. The thought and feeling of Havana is the thought and feeling of all Cuba. Havana is more than Cuba's capital, it is Cuba's tongue. Havana is Cuba, as Paris is France. The sentiment of that young naval officer, who would have given his sword-arm to spare the Maine, was the sentiment of all the Spanish naval and military officers in Cuban waters or in Cuba-land. When that steamship captain said, "No fighting! no war!" he spoke for all Spaniards carrying on trade in or with Cuba. Dr. Congosto called Americans "Yankee pigs," and he expressed the thought of all agents of the Spanish government in Cuba, the thought of all employes who at that time were making, not only a living, but fortunes out of the general misruling of the island. These Spanish politicians were the "powers" in Havana. With Havana for war, Cuba was for war, the peaceful sentiments of the army, the navy

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Copyright 1898, by F. Tennyson Neely.

In the Harbor of Havana. Government sheds adjoining Morro Castle. Walls of Cabana prison in foreground.



Copyright 1898, by F. Tennyson Neely.
Havana and Harbor from a roof top. Photograph taken from the roof of highest house in the city of Havana, that of Señor Cadalla, a retired tobacco merchant, the Vanderbilt of Havana.

and the Spanish Board of Trade in Cuba notwithstanding.

In those critical days between the Maine disaster and the first shot of the war, the undercurrents of popular thought in Havana, and, therefore, in all Cuba, were something like this: All Cubans secretly hoped and believed that there would be a Spanish-American war. All Spaniards secretly hoped and believed that there would *not* be such a war. At the same time, the Spanish officials never missed an opportunity to squeeze "perquisites" out of their respective offices—with a view to having funds on a possible rainy day of war; while Cubans hid away their gold in secret places and pretended to be very poor—with a view to the possible rainy weather called war. I knew one Cuban family, who at that time were living on cat or dog meat, for the simple reason that they had secreted their gold in a place where they dared not go to get what little they needed for living purposes. Now that peace has come, this gold, together with that similarly hoarded by other Cuban families, has been brought forward. And it is this gold that is to be the first help in rebuilding Cuba.

What was the public spirit in Havana just before the war? What did the people do and say?

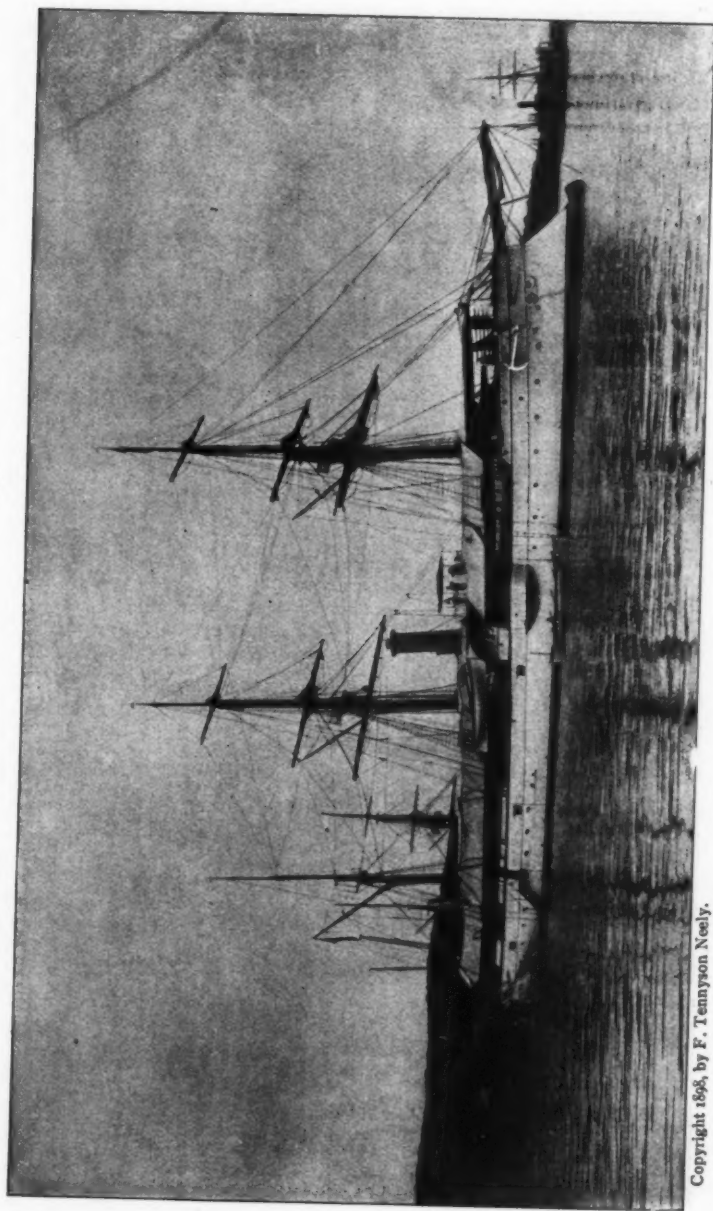
It was a city of carnival. In the midst of vast misery, with a thousand of poverty's horde dying daily, with the coffin-makers having not even Sunday for a day of rest, with the reconcentrados lining the narrow streets in every direction, with war clouds gathering overhead, the capital city of Cuba spent all its spare cash in merriment, in amusing itself. Masked balls were held every night. Sleep was important during the day. An old law forbidding the use of chains on prisoners was revived. These prisoners, unchained, cleaned the streets—and escaped. And the authorities were glad, for why spend money supporting criminals? Somebody charged the home govern-

ment with food and lodging for so many prisoners, and pocketed the money. There was no excitement excepting that of fun and frolic and folly.

Demonstrations against *los Americanos* were the exception rather than the rule. One night a woman appeared at the masked ball costumed as Miss Columbia. The dancers at once tore the costume of stars and bars from the masquerader's person; whereupon she was ejected from the theater on the charge of being insufficiently clothed. On the 25th of March a theatrical performance was given at the Tacon Theater, for the benefit of the Spanish navy. Money was needed for ships. The amount raised that night was exactly \$1,300. Yet the next day, Sunday, the populace of Havana yielded up \$60,000 at the gate of the bull ring. Thus, hundreds for war and thousands for a bull fight. On the night of the navy benefit, it was whispered that an American flag was to be thrown upon the stage and that a platoon of Spanish soldiers were to march over it. We all went to see this spectacle, expecting trouble. Neither the flag nor the rumpus materialized.

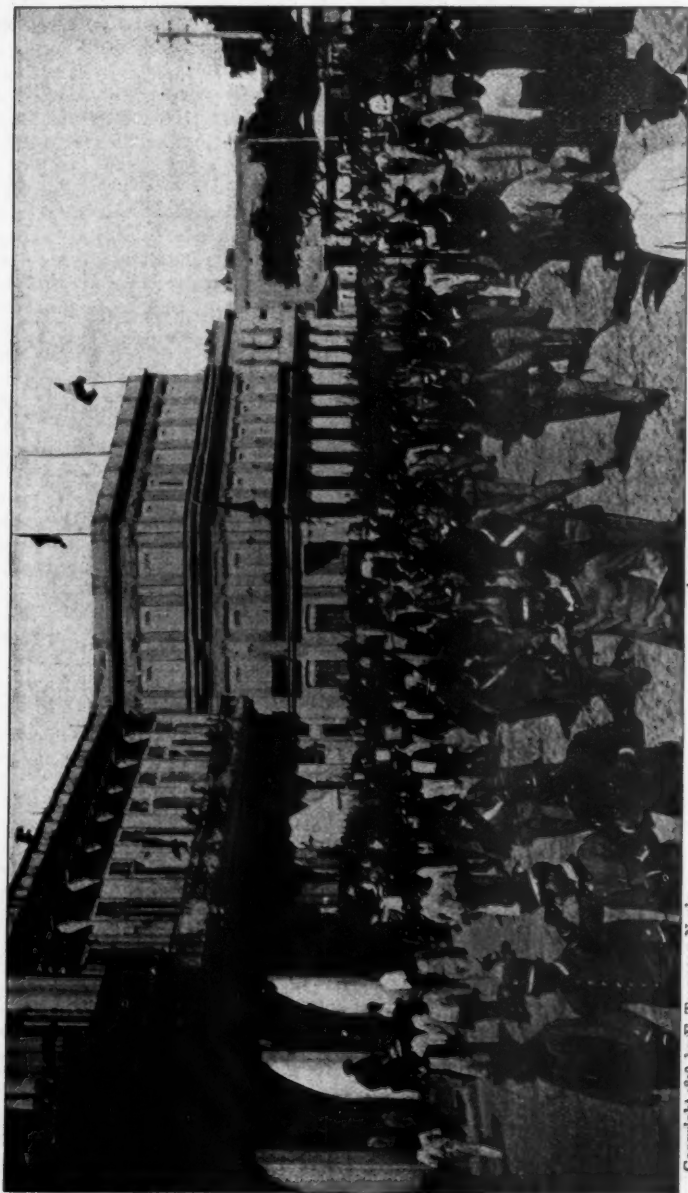
Then came the war and the blockade; and Havana became, so far as Americans were concerned, a tongueless thing. It could not speak to us for itself, let alone for all Cuba. All we knew about Cuba and the starving during the blockade was the scant information brought back by correspondents and military couriers from the camps of Garcia in Santiago province or from the headquarters of President Maso and the Cuban government in the province of Puerto Principe.

During the war Spaniards in Havana never once conceded that the city was in the remotest danger of being captured by the Americans. The spirit of the people, that is, of the politicians, was never broken. When Santiago surrendered, the Havanese believed it to be some new betrayal on the part of the government at Madrid. "Oh, yes



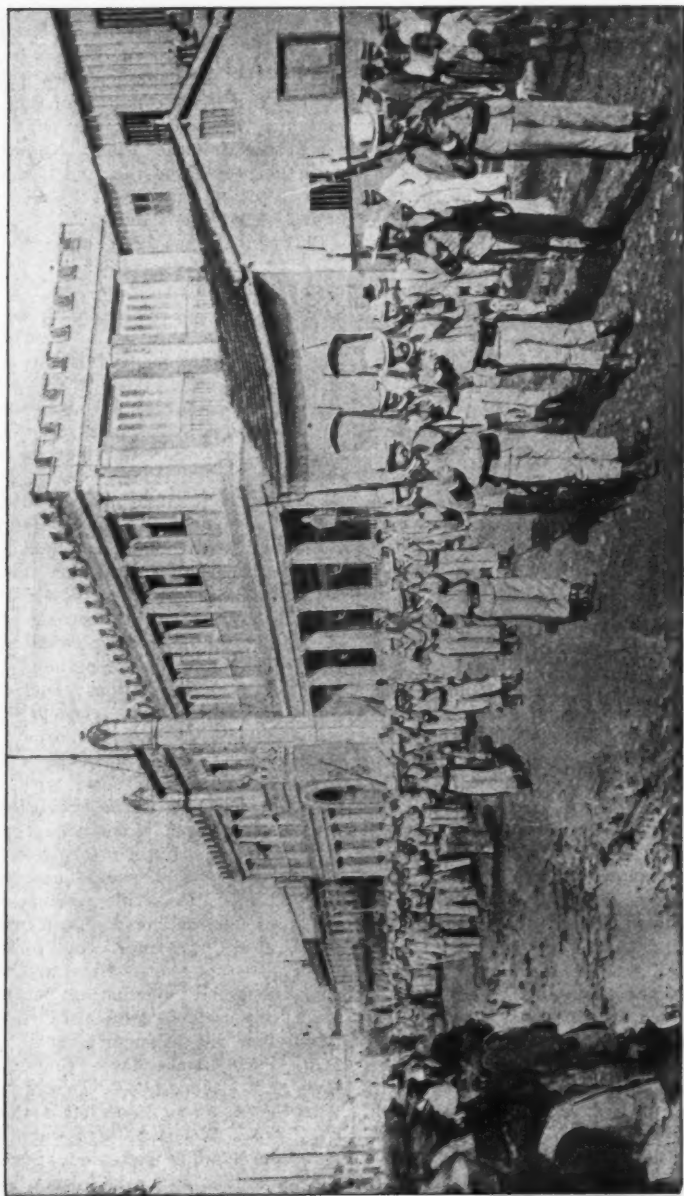
Spanish Gunboat in the Harbor of Havana.

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Scene in Prado, near Inglaterra Hotel. Showing Spanish soldiers on their way to guard mount at nine a. m.



Copyright 1898, by F. Tennyson Neely.

In the streets of Havana. The hated and dreaded Spanish volunteers marching through the Prado on their way to guard mount. Early morning.

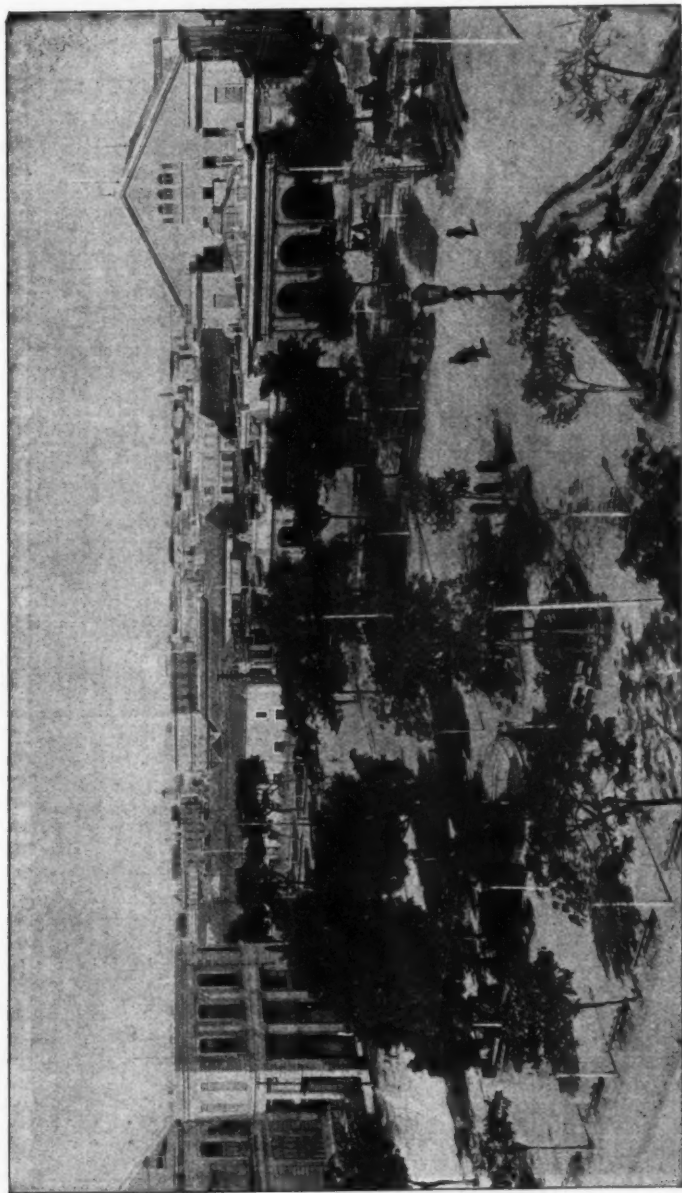
Santiago captured, of course," they said. "But Havana? Never!"

The war ended, and what a change in Havana—among the politicians! They at once began resigning commissions under Spain in order to secure commissions under Uncle Sam! They have almost turned into Americans on the plan that it is better to be the tail of a lion than the head of a rat. The populace, meanwhile, continues on its gay rounds just the same as ever. Cubans are glad, Spaniards are not mad. Havana is to-day teeming with life and cheerfulness. Well dressed men and women fill the streets. The shop windows in the principal thoroughfares display a wealth of silks and satins which smack far more of the prosperity and gaiety of Paris or Rome in carnival time than of the poverty and misery to be expected in a recently blockaded town. By a casual observer these outward and visible signs of well-being and prosperity would be regarded as a truthful index to a healthy and happy condition of affairs; but beneath the surface, behind the sham, exists a great deal of misery. This application of stageland to home life, this self-imposed deception, governs and is apt to mislead the superficial observer as to the true conditions in Havana. Where one must go to find the real change in things is to the better classes. A few years ago the aristocracy of the island was composed of Cuban planters and land owners. They represented the wealth and splendor of the Cuban capital; they entertained lavishly; their homes were temples of hospitality to friends who were their equals, but forbiddingly exclusive to those who were not born to the purple. To-day, many of these have to follow poverty's tide and look to the once despised Spaniard for daily bread.

Such, in fact, was the war, and such is now the condition of peace in Havana and in Santiago. But what about the country in between? The fact that Havana is Cuba does not prevent us

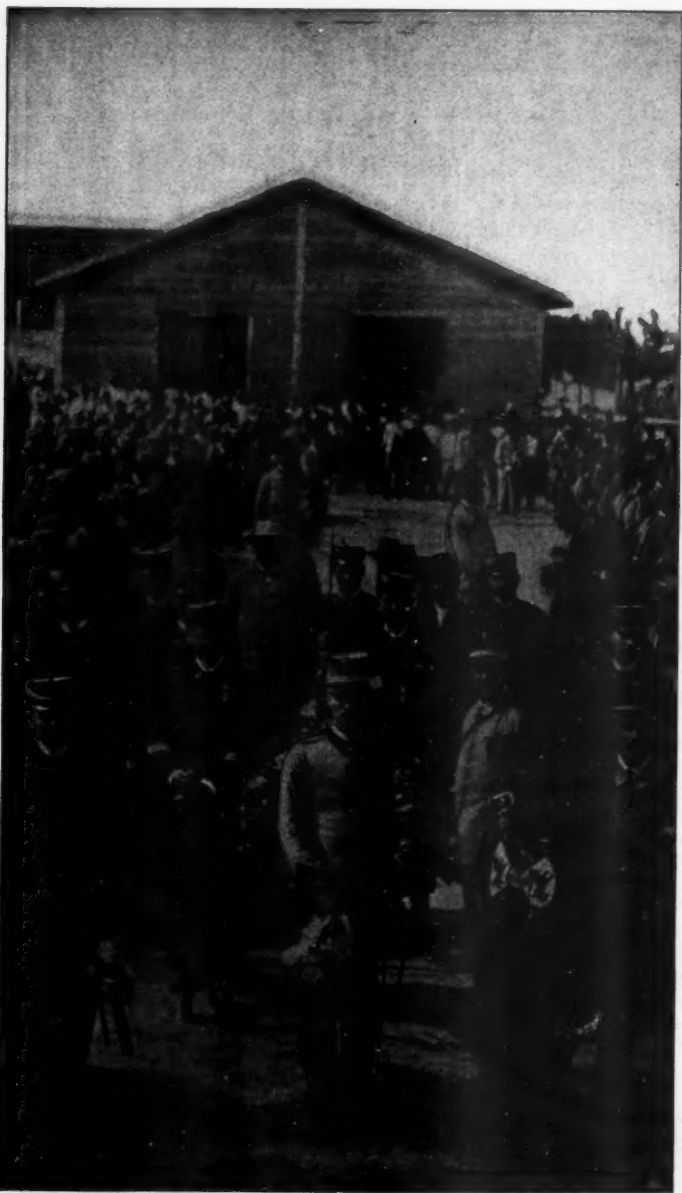
from taking a look over the island with an eye to its immediate future. Some of us have just made the journey from Havana to Santiago and we have learned that if the condition of the inhabitants has changed, the physical aspect remains the same. Knowing both the people and the land it is not difficult to give a picture of the present appearance of the island.

Between Havana and Santiago we have 500 miles to traverse. The railroad extends only half way, ending at Santa Clara. The remaining 250 miles have to be made in the saddle. Santiago has never been connected with the rest of Cuba by rail. Boats were good enough for Spaniards and Cubans. But an American company has already sent engineers down there to report on the best route for a railroad to connect Santiago with the interior of the island. Now we are journeying through Cuba *thé New*. The country is all divine overhead and all devastation under foot; but the people are free,—free in their misery and hunger to roam over the burned and blackening fields, over the ruins and the desolation, unmolested. At the stations along the line, the surviving reconcentrados gather, seemingly stupefied either by their long suffering or by the news that the relief will soon come with *los Americanos*. Here is the province of Mantanzas, the sugar-cane valley; once the Valley Beautiful, now the Vale of Death. Every field, every house, has been burned. The whole province resembles a huge ash heap. Then comes Santa Clara province, the former garden spot of Cuba. Here are the Royal palms, still dominating; but they are merely useless sentinels in a wilderness. This was the sugar paradise. In 1895, Gomez and Maceo thundered through it "*al machete*." To-day it is what the insurgent chiefs left it, Paradise Burned. Not a building is standing, not a soul inhabits the region. Such is the desert that was created when \$60,000,000 in sugar cane became drifting



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In Havana streets. The Plaza Theatre Tacon, in the background. The Tacon is the Madison Square of Havana. All the masquerade balls are given in this building. In the Plaza the volunteers assemble every morning before guard mount.



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Havana. Arrival of last shipload of Spanish troops. Sunday, March 6th. Troops received by the populace. Wreaths of flowers presented to arriving officers.

ashes. And such, indeed, are the conditions of 50,000 farms, plantations and ranches that were destroyed, throughout Cuba, during the war. Machinery all over the island is a thing of the past. What is not rusting in the field has been broken up and shipped to the United States as old metal. Cuba must have an entirely new outfit of machinery, and this will mean an enormous business for the American houses that export machinery. But first, Cuba must have money to buy machines. To get the money she must carry on a hand to mouth trade with America. She must practice economy until she has enough money to purchase expensive plants.

Spain's soldiers still crawl through the streets of the inland towns; but they are unarmed and they are exceeding cheerful. They are preparing to evacuate; and to every Spanish soldier in Cuba the word evacuate means home. From conscript to commandante, every man is delighted with that significant word, "evacuate."

Throughout the provinces one sees a surprising number of negroes. One has no difficulty in believing that one-half of the native population of New Cuba is of African descent. The negroes have drifted into the towns from the coffee, sugar and tobacco plantations. As large estates employ from 2,000 to 3,000 negroes at one time, their great number is not so surprising. The Cuban negro is generally an uneducated laborer, unfitted, of course, for holding government positions. Yet many of them are growling, ominously. They did the fighting and now that independence has come they want a voice of their own in the law-making.

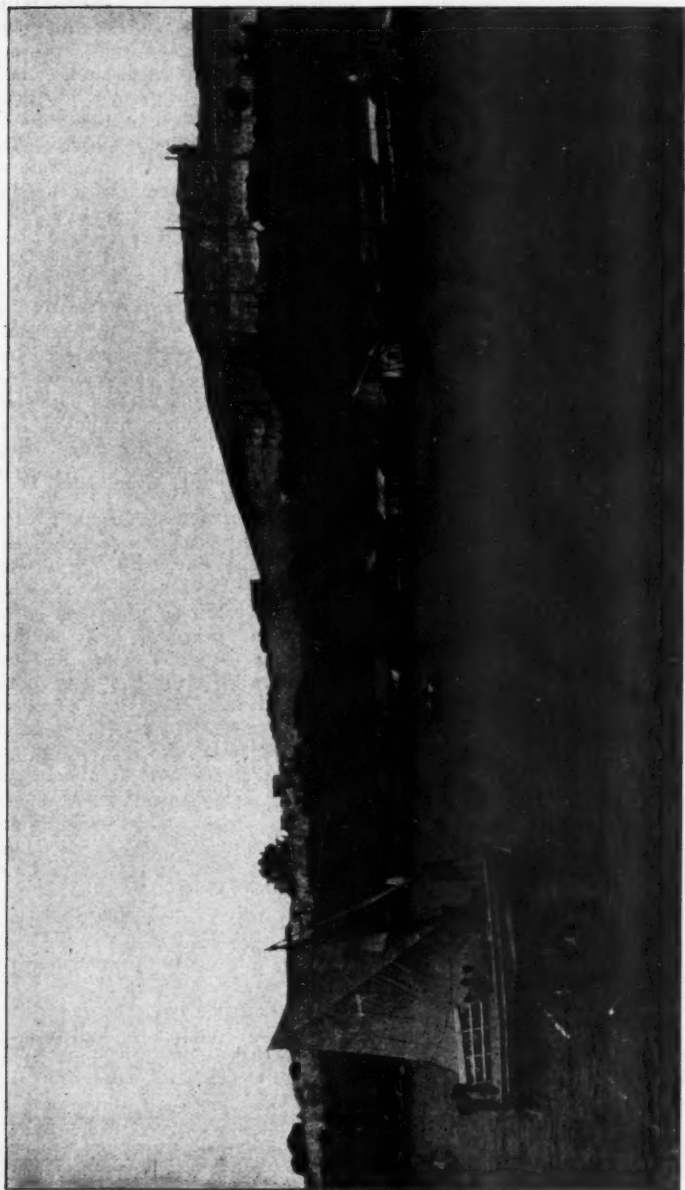
A large part of the provinces of Santiago and Puerto Principe are practically a jungle. Not only are these districts without railroads, but they have no roads for wheeled vehicles. Here is a most important field for engineering enterprise—the development of transportation facilities.

In Santiago province there are miles and miles of virgin forest: there are the finest mahogany and rosewood trees; there are rich iron mines, undeveloped. Coffee in greater quantities than ever will soon be raised there, just as the cultivation of tobacco, in the province of Pinar del Rio, west of Havana, will soon again be a thriving industry.

The tobacco crop at Vuelta Abajo, for the ensuing season, by the way, promises to be the smallest on record. The principal reason is the scarcity of oxen, which were stolen by insurgents or confiscated by the Spanish commanders to feed troops. One yoke of oxen will plow the land necessary to plant 50,000 seeds. This amount of seed should yield, on the average, twenty-five bales. Considering that many individual tobacco raisers have lost 300 and 400 oxen each—not counting those lost by larger firms and smaller ones—some idea may be gathered as to the drawbacks to tobacco cultivation. There will soon be a great demand for oxen in all branches of agricultural enterprise. Practically all the herds have been killed off and work in the fields without them is impossible. Many of the sugar estates have begun work in different parts of the island.

And as for the coffee crop, the mountains of Guantanamo, in the village of Santiago, are considered the most productive coffee regions in Cuba, though coffee is grown in all parts of the island. At one time it was largely cultivated in the valleys and plains as is the sugar cane. But now most of the coffee raising is done in the vicinity of Santiago. Land in this part of the island is particularly cheap and planters find it to their advantage, as their old places wear out, to sell them and move to Guantanamo's beautiful hills, where the climate is healthful, the crops excellent, and the land cheap.

It takes more than war to rob Cuba of her natural wealth. Every foot of land in the island is capable of cultiva-



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Havana. View of Fort Cabanas. The political prison. Behind these impenetrable walls hundreds of political prisoners are incarcerated, cut off from the world as utterly as Siberian exiles.

tion. The island's area is very nearly equal to that of Iowa; but only ten per cent of this resourceful area is under cultivation—or under ashes.

Cuba, at present, is no place for the penniless man. To go there now, without money to tide over the getting-a-start period, would be much like seeking death. For the practical farmer with a thousand dollars, however, if there is not a fortune, there is a fortunate opportunity. In one acre of land there are miracles. Anything will grow. A quarter of an acre supports a family, leaving three-quarters of the acre for profit.

The chances are that an American workman or mechanic could not get any work in Cuba just now that he would care to take unless driven by dire necessity. If it were the dry season he would not need a roof to cover him and he could get along if he could but learn to sustain himself on fruits. But he would be more likely to die. There is room, however, for the man who has money enough to buy a farm and who

has skill enough to develop it. And it requires little enough capital. Farm lands sell at a rate varying from ten to twenty dollars an acre. A man with a thousand dollars can go to Cuba and make money almost from the start. The land is waiting for him.

To return, finally, to Havana. There is one little spot—and a few bones—in that city that for months to come promise to be a subject of dispute. The spot is the tomb of Columbus; the bones are those of the discoverer of all America; the dispute promises to be, not between American and Spaniard, but between Spaniard and Spaniard, with the Cuban entirely ignored. One Spaniard says: "The Americans shall not have those bones. The remains of the man who discovered Cuba must belong to Spain." The other Spaniard says: "Columbus was a nuisance, anyway. He had no business to commit that brilliant blunder of discovering a Cuba which has proved a Pandora's box of troubles and woes for Spain. Let America have the old bones."



BEHOLD THE YEAR.

PLUCKING the down from the breast of the Spring,

To line the young Summer's nest;

Purple and gold from the Summer's bright wing

For Autumn's ambrosial crest;

Purloining fair Autumn's rich bountiful yield,

High heaping a prodigal store,

From orchard and meadow and garden and field,

To nourish old Winter so hoar;

Stripping the leaves from the forest trees dress,

And icing them over with sleet;

The cotton and flax from the harvest fields sear,

To weave him a winding sheet.

Charles F. Wilcox.

SPOILS OF AN ARMY CORRESPONDENT.

By G. W.



LOOK over these spoils, that is, the pages of my note-book, — well, here is a page on mascots, a fine assortment of eagles, goats, young lions and yellow dogs, but, the most interesting of all, a human being. Behold him, only twelve years old, the only human mascot in the army. He belongs

to the Seventh Foot, under Colonel Benham, and his name is Jonathan, but we call him just plain Jim.

"I'm only just the canteen-boy. But I've been clean through the war an'

got mausered in the leg by the Spaniards at San Jooan. Been a reg'lar war correspondent, too. At San Jooan I had to carry water to the fightin' line an' then I had to carry news to the writin' fellers what was sittin' down by the brook where I got the water. Well, I lied and they seemed to think I was a good thing and they stayed down by the brook and pumped me while I filled the canteen. I told them there was 100,000 Spaniards in a block house up on San Jooan hill and that they was mauserin' down all me bunkies (them's me comrades). An' then, them writin' fellers rushed up the hill shootin' everybody in sight—with their cameras. I was bein' carried to the rear on me bunkie's back, for that's



BABY LION—MASCOT OF THE FIRST CAVALRY, WHICH PARTICIPATED IN THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN.



MAJOR CORLISS, SEVENTH INFANTRY, STANDING AT LEFT, WOUNDED AT SANTIAGO, JULY 2. COLONEL BENHAM, SEVENTH INFANTRY, AND STAFF; CAPTAIN GOODIN (STANDING), LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LISCOM, RIGHT SITTING.

when I was maundered. Didn't know it, till all of a sudden I couldn't carry no more water 'cause I couldn't walk. How'd I get here to Montauk? Gee, this is worse 'n Santiago. Why down there when a feller was sick he didn't have to do no work. But here, well or sick, we has to carry lumber from the wharfs for floors in officer's tents and has to stand guard in the sun and the rain jus' as if the war was still goin' on with the Spaniards in trenches in front of us. Well, I got here on a ship. We came up from the front (that's Santiago) together—me an' Bill Shafter.

"It was a good ship for cattle but it wasn't good for me an' the General. But that wasn't Uncle Sam's fault. There wasn't any men to wait on us and no one to clean up the ship when it got dirty. You see the company what owned the ship was for makin' money. When the war broke out an' Uncle Sam hired the ships, the owners just fired off every man except the

ones needed to shovel coal, start the machinery an' steer. There was a steward an' he had food an' drink, too. But he wouldn't give me nor Bill Shafter nor none of us no food or drink 'less we paid wartime prices. So if you hadn't money all you had to do was to lie down on the deck an' die. No one would stop you. I don't know about Pecos Bill (that's Shafter), but I couldn't buy no food of that steward for I only had half a dollar. I'm not broke but I'm bent purty bad. It's this way. You see I ain't no brigadier-general 'cause I didn't get into the army through politics. Fact is, I ain't even in the army. I draws rations but I don't draw no pay. So on pay day when me bunkies draws their wad, that's about fifteen dollars, they make up a wad for the canteen boy; that's me. There was near a thousand of 'em 'fore we went to Cuba an' they used to raise the fifteen among 'em, for me. But now—oh, now it's different. They ain't

a thousand now. They're only six hundred or so. The rest of 'em—say, this salt air makes your eyes kinder wet somehow, don't it? Well, the rest of 'em ain't here anyway. Me mother's more than a march from here. She's in Knoxville, Tenn. Don't know how I am to get there 'cause I've only got a half a dollar an' the gov'ment don't give canteen boys their car-fare home. But I ain't homesick, no sir-ee, I ain't homesick a bit. You won't write in that magazine that I'm homesick, will yer? Say, don't, an' I'll tell yer all about the war.

"Yer see I joined the Seventh down at Knoxville. The Seventh came through on a long train. I asked a soldier an' he said they was reg'lars from Fort Logan, Col'rado, on their way to Chick'mauga. I stowed myself in a baggage car an' when we got near Chatt'nooga a soldier found me an' took me to a man what was real good to me. Say, he was good. His name was Benham an' they called him Colonel an' so did I. 'Colonel,' I says, 'I want to shoot Spaniards or 'tend stock.' Say, the Colonel laughed an' said me mother would worry an' that he would have to send me back home

but that he would write me mother first an' I could bunk with the boys an' keep their canteens full till further notice. Now put this down—Colonel Benham of the Reg'lar Foot is the man to die for, hear? He was wounded same as me, at San Joaquin an' so was our Major Corliss, him with the white whiskers. Well, I stayed an' stayed an' helped the cook, an' bunked first with the rookies, them's the recruits, an' then with the reg's, them's the soldiers; an' one day I heard the Colonel swearin' like the cook when the wood's wet, an' I heard the Major tell the Colonel he musn't swear afore the kid, an' I says: 'That's all right, Colonel, my dad cusses, too.' An' the Colonel says, quick as lightnin', 'Major, draw a pair of shoes for that canteen boy.'

"Well, they call me the regimental mascot in camp. But there's lots of other mascots. There's a lot of dogs an' any bunkie loves his dog more than his neighbor. Then the Ninth Foot has an eagle, the Twelfth a coyote, the Ninth Horse a monkey, the Fifth Artillery, a parrot, and the First Horse, a lion cub—there, you can have that picture of the cub for your magazine. Oh, I've forgot Gunsling Dave.



"GUNSLING DAVE," SERGEANT DAVIDSON, SIXTEENTH INFANTRY. CHAMPION MARKSMAN OF THE ARMY. HOLDS ALL MEDALS AND ALL RECORDS; IN HIS FAVORITE LONG-RANGE POSITION THE "SAW BUCK," VERY SIMILAR TO THE "TEXAS GRIP."

He's the pride of the Sixteenth Foot an' he's the champion shot of the hull army. He holds all the medals an' all the records for all crack shot shootin'. His real name is Davidson an' he's a sergeant an' in Cuba he had goed practice pickin' off Spanish sharpshooters what was a troubling the

spoils. Here are *bon mots* about Roosevelt and his men, who went to Cuba as Weary Walkers, rather than Rough Riders. Shafter made them leave their horses in Tampa—and no regiment of hornets could have been madder than those men from Fifth Avenue, Newport and Arizona. They



COL. THEO. ROOSEVELT AND TWO OF HIS ROUGH RIDERS, HALLET ALLSOP BARLOWE AND HAMILTON FISH, JR. (KILLED JULY 1), IN CHARGE OF DYNAMITE GUN. TAKEN JUST BEFORE LEAVING SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

wounded. He's still alive just like me an' the lion cub an' the eagle an' all the other mascots."

Such were the remarks of Jim, the Canteen Boy, as he lay on the sands at Montauk, in luxurious convalescence.

I turn over the leaves of my notebook in search for some other war-time

swore. Then tears rolled down the faces of some. They blubbered.

But there is very little about the Rough Riders that you do not already know. Who hath written about the war hath told all about "Teddy." And speaking of writing "The Story of the War," I estimate that one million dol-

lars has already been paid to war correspondents for their stories and pictures of the war. There were fully five hundred correspondents "covering" the various campaigns. If each of these wrote one thousand words a day and received double rates for his work, that is, twenty dollars a thousand words or two cents a word—why, a million dollars at least must have passed

When Colonel Bell was carried to the rear, he said, "Boys, I am only d—n sorry I can't go on with you"

I first met Colonel Bell and his brother officers at Chickamauga—but you may wish to know something about the other people and places represented in the pictures shown in this article, and as the pictures were taken in Tampa, perhaps we would bet-



FIRST THREE MEN (SITTING); ON LEFT OF PICTURE ARE FIRST REGULAR ARMY OFFICERS WOUNDED IN BATTLE IN CUBA. ON LEFT, CAPTAIN KNOX (SHOT THROUGH THE BODY AND INTESTINES AND GIVEN UP FOR DEAD, BUT RECOVERING); LIEUTENANT BYRAM, NEXT, SITTING, CHUCK MAUSERED OUT OF HIS FOREHEAD; COLONEL BELL, SHOT IN LEG; STANDING, LEFT, LIEUT. BEN ARNOLD; NEXT, LIEUTENANT HARTMAN.

through the pockets of the five hundred correspondents.

Colonel Bell, Captain Knox and Lieutenant Byram, who appear in these pages in a group,—all of the First Cavalry—were the first three regular army officers hit by Spanish bullets in the war. These three heroes were all wounded in the same ten minutes at La Quasima on the day of that first land battle which electrified the world.

ter take the spoils down to Tampa and look them over in the very place in which I collected them.

And what is the life at Tampa? Twenty five thousand soldiers living in tragic suspense by day and sleeping on their arms by night. Two thousand wives, sweethearts and sisters laughing when they would like to weep. Three hundred correspondents with everything written up and nothing else



COLONEL HAMILTON, SITTING IN CENTRE, (KILLED AT SANTIAGO, JULY 1) AND OFFICERS OF THE NINTH CAVALRY (COLORED). THIS IS THE REGIMENT OF CAPTAIN OLMSTEAD, INSTRUCTOR IOWA NATIONAL GUARD.

to write. Over all, tragic suspense. This is life at Tampa.

Thousands of white tents on the white sands of the beach—all 'round the bay. Among the tents moves a host of men in blue. A mile of freight-cars, groaning and creaking under their burden of shot and shell, wriggle like a great serpent around the camps, up and down the railroad tracks. Along the wharf a mile of steamships ride at anchor. Ships gorged with leaden pellets, noisy with the bang of hammer and the shriek of saw, decks all scaffolded with bunks that look like so many lairs. A lair is a place where sleeps a wild beast. A soldier in the field is a sort of wild beast. He is unkempt; he growls at the approach of strangers; he is ferocious. Here are more soldiers than have massed at any time since the civil war. What a prospect of war and battle and death is here! How the men chafe at the delay. They curse the suspense. Some drink. The officers gather on the piazzas of the big and gorgeous hotel, flirt with the Cuban

senoritas of Tampa and take their first lessons in Spanish. The officers of the Cuban regiments recruited here look on jealously. Every evening military bands give competitive concerts on the hotel piazzas; that is, a white band plays and then a colored band plays. People on the piazzas applaud each impartially. It is the eve of battle. So, on with the dancing and the flirting until far into the night.

Then down at Port Tampa, near the encampment of General Randolph's artillery—what is there among my spoils, about that line of transports, the greatest number of transports this century has ever brought into one fleet at one time?

From the bridge of the *Siguranca*, the flagship, I look down a double line of transports a mile long. With a good glass I can distinguish the white W on the black funnel of the Ward Line Steamer, *Vigilancia*, at the other end of the line. The twenty-two intervening steamers form a gaarled, chaotic line of masts, funnels, ropes, flags and hal-

yards. Every one of these twenty-four vessels is loaded right up to the hatches. Two with pontoon bridges; two with bacon and beans and potatoes; many with rifles and bullets and dynamite, and all with coal enough to last thirty days. Every part of each of these low-lying steamers is guarded by a soldier of the United States. A lighted cigar below decks might make things unpleasant. Some of the vessels are so heavy laden that their ports are below waterline—closed, of course. Here are more ships than a Tampaité would have seen in his whole lifetime, if we had not had war with Spain. Some of these ships are painted lead color, like the gunboats in the harbor. Most of them have stuck to black, however. The lower decks of the transports are filled in with bunks and stalls. The stalls are just wide enough to admit a horse, so that, no matter how long the voyage may last, the animal cannot lie down. As for the bunks, each holds two men, and rough board affairs they are. Here must the men sleep, ill or well, miserable or happy, till the end of the voyage. Many of the captains of these vessels

have carried troops before for this or some other country. Their experiences of the past lead them to pray that the troops will not remain long on board the transports. Vermin are inevitable. With the ports closed in rough weather or on a choppy sea, the heat and misery below will be frightful. The officers, of course, will occupy the staterooms, and for them the voyage will be as comfortable as for any ocean traveler in time of peace. The non-commissioned officers will be given second choice of quarters; they will be quartered in what is ordinarily the second class saloon. Certainly the sight presented by this fleet of transports is worth seeing. Twenty-four, in a double line down the wharf, beginning at Port Tampa city with the *Vigilanca* and ending with the *Siguranca* here at the bulkhead.

As for the *Orizaba*, aboard of her went the huge siege guns that were to reduce Santiago. Oh, for the perverseness of things. Those monster guns, loaded aboard the transport with so much trouble—they were never unloaded. At Santiago there were no



THE GOSPEL COMMISSARY AND THE WIND JAMBONS. Y. M. C. A. TENT, CAPT. H. W. BOLTON, CHAPLAIN
SECOND ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, AWAITING THE DISTRIBUTION OF HYMN BOOKS,
JACKSONVILLE, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 19



THE LINE OF TRANSPORTS AT DOCK, TAMPA. THAT CARRIED THE TROOPS TO SANTIAGO.—
THIRTY-TWO OF THEM

lighters big enough to carry them to the shore. A trial was made. One of the mastodons was put on a Lilliputian lighter; the lighter sank into the mud a hundred yards from shore, and there the mastodon gun remained. Santiago was reduced without the aid of it or of its fellows, which, when the Orizaba arrived at Montauk after the war, were still in the hold.

I look again over the note-book and find the Ninth Cavalry mentioned in a sham fight at Tampa. It was glorious; they seemed to feel that day that the eyes of the nation would watch them later, in front of Santiago. On the day of this sham battle a certain trooper (colored) proved himself a hero. A picket line was thrown around the entire camp, thus guarding the mile-square within which the troops were massed. Skirmish lines advanced, fell flat on their stomachs, fired at an unseen enemy, advanced again, and again fell to the ground. The light batteries

boomed and boomed. Regiments of infantry stood ready to back them up. Whole regiments of cavalry, with carbines sabres and pistols, charged imaginary foes. There was firing, but no bloodshed. There was strategy without conflict, a game of solitaire on a gigantic scale. In this smoke enshrouded field, amid the volleys, the rattle of rifles, the booming of batteries, the tooting of the bugles, the shouts of officers, the yells of men, toddled a little girl, chewing her thumb. She was a colored girl, a pickaninny. As she emerged from the woods and advanced across the open toward the masses of cavalry, the troopers heard the order, "Charge!"

Instantly four thousand men gave rein and four thousand horses rushed forward. Then they saw the child coming toward them across the open. Four thousand cavalrymen were charging upon a child. Those in front tried to stop. They could not. The troopers

behind, not understanding, urged them forward. In a moment that little life would be trampled out. Was there no way to prevent this dreadful murder? Yes! Out of the ranks a trooper suddenly shot forward, dashed on, reached the child, caught her up and, carrying her in his arms, again dashed forward just in time to avoid the shock of the onrushing horsemen. Heroic trooper! Who was he? He belonged to the Ninth Cavalry, a colored regiment. This hero was black as licorice.*

ous—in his mild, stern way. He sat down in an arm-chair on the hotel piazza as if in hopeless despair. Mrs. Miles reminded him that the perspiration was pouring down his face in streams, and he remarked that things looked slightly unmilitary. He evidently felt that it was impossible for him to restore order. In the midst of the bustle came a telegram from Washington ordering General Miles to "suspend the expedition." The general's amazement changed to chagrin. All



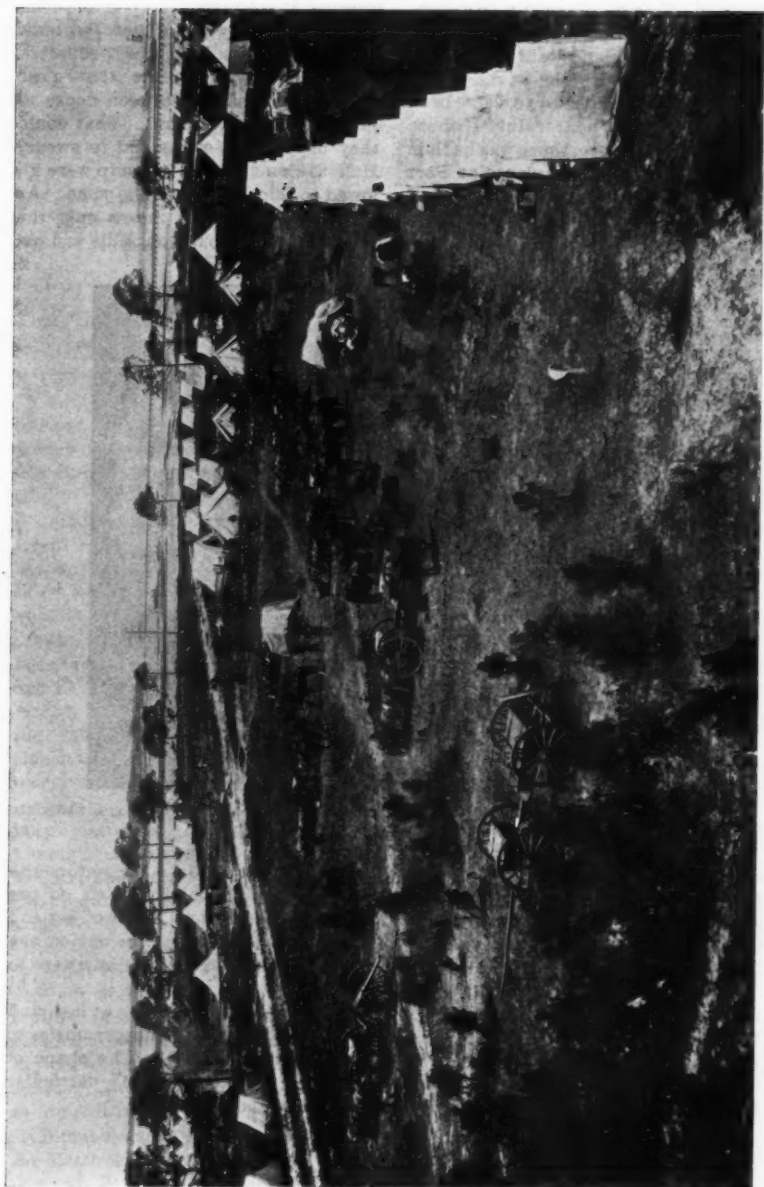
LOADING THE HUGE SIEGE GUNS INTO THE HOLD OF THE ORIZABA, FOR SANTIAGO.
ONLY TWO WERE UNLOADED.

At last came the order "On to Cuba." And what do my war-time notes say about this onward move to real war? At Port Tampa, where the troops were rushing helter-skelter, pell-mell, aboard the transports, there was something resembling confusion, if not chaos, in the midst of which General Miles arrived. I can see the look of amazement that overspread his features when he perceived the state of affairs. He was more than angry; he was furi-

* Is it possible Miss Bisby has bleached out this story for the woe of "The Lieutenant's Sweetheart," in this issue?—Ed.]

the men and stores were aboard, and some of the transports had moved twenty-five miles down the bay and the gun-boats, to act as convoys, had steamed up. But, nevertheless, the expedition must be suspended. General Miles at once ordered the gun-boat Helena to signal the transports, "Return to your stations."

Then followed seven dreadful days—for those aboard the transports. Horses and mules were disembarked and taken back to the nearest camps. The foreign attachés—representatives from



CAMP OF GENERAL RANDOLPH'S ARTILLERY—SHOWING RAILWAY ACROSS THE ARM OF BAY CONNECTING TAMPA AND PORT TAMPA.

England, France, Germany, Sweden, Norway and Russia—took their luggage off the *Segurana* and went back to the Tampa Bay Hotel. The wives of officers, who had said good-bye, came back to the Port on the next train. If there was confusion before, there was bedlam now. The only shaded places at Port Tampa are the piazza of the hotel and the covered portion of the dock. These shady places were crowded with per-

crowded into the smallest possible compass where they could get the least amount of air. How they suffered, those men, jammed into that close space in the bunks between decks of those crowded steamers! What could they do, save to sweat and to swear? Half the men from each ship were allowed to come ashore at one time. As shore at Port Tampa means only the wharf—a wharf built on stilts and ex-



NINTH U. S. CAVALRY (COLORED) CROSSING FIELDS OF PALM GRASS, TAMPA, GOING TO FIGHT PRAIRIE FIRE. SHOWING A TAMPA FIELD.

spiring humanity. Officers, enlisted men, correspondents, stevedores, ships' captains and railroad conductors were all jumbled together—not for one day, but for seven.

Then came an absurd rumor that a phantom Spanish fleet was cruising in the Gulf of Mexico, waiting to attack the transports. So all the ships were tied to the wharf, three abreast, a mile long. Thus fifteen thousand men were

tending a mile out into the water—the men could do nothing but sit on the rail of this wharf in the broiling sun and wonder why they were put on the transports so long before they were to sail.

But the sailing day came at last, and there ended first-class opportunities to add war-time spoils, in the shape of notes, to the stock of this particular army correspondent.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Began in the October, 1896, MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN BEGINS— CONDITIONS IN THE WEST.

WHEN General Grant was restored to command in the field and moved his headquarters from Fort Henry to Savannah on March 17, 1862, his Shiloh campaign may be said to have begun.

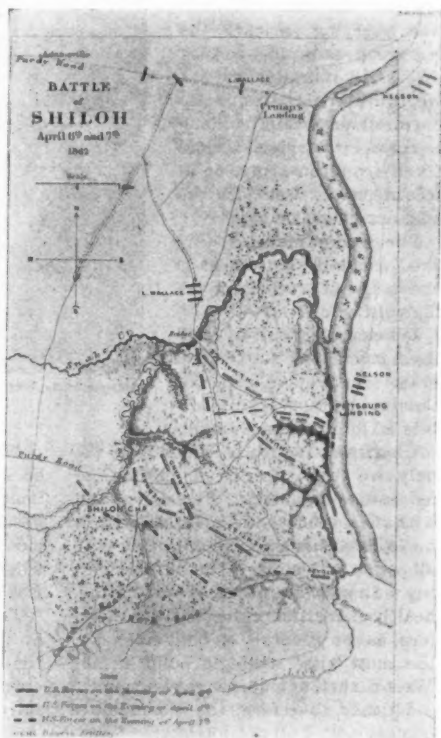
Let us take a brief view of Grant's environments, and of the military conditions in the West, which were to affect him and his campaign.

We have seen that he had been quite ill at Fort Henry, and he continued ill for several weeks; but he was uncomplaining, and gave no sign of relaxation in the tireless energy which marked his entire war career.

Grant's Donelson army had been scattered, portions of it having been recalled by Halleck to Cairo and vicinity during the Beauregard scare, other portions left to garrison Clarksville, Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, and elsewhere; but other portions of it, with new undisciplined recruits, were now hurried forward to Pittsburg Landing to organize a movement against Corinth, twenty miles to the southwest.

Columbus had been evacuated; the Beauregard scare was over; General Pope was thundering away at New Madrid and Island

Number Ten. Curtis had just gained an important victory at Pea Ridge, in Northwest Arkansas, and Halleck felt so relieved from all danger and menace that he could now concentrate his energies upon the conquest of Southwest Tennessee, Memphis, Northern Mississippi and Alabama.



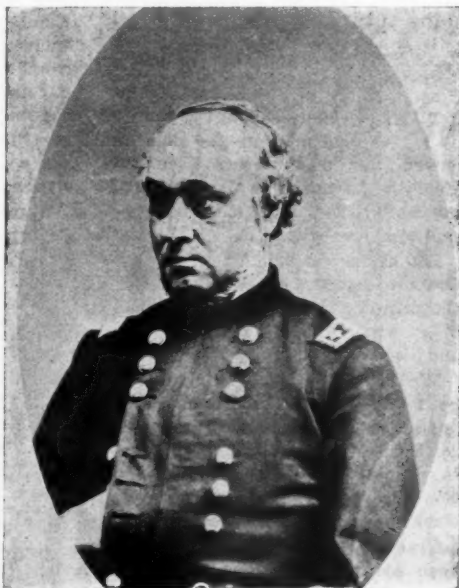
As soon as Buell's army moved south from Nashville the Confederate generals hastened their army south of the Tennessee River, and moved west behind that stream to Corinth, where General Johnston had informed President Davis he would be 50,000 strong. Buell moved slowly and cautiously south forty-five miles, to Columbia, over an elegant stone road, in a little less than three weeks. He had, at this time, 101,000 men in his department, as Halleck reported. The reader will note from the map that Columbia is about ninety miles east of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, where Halleck had begun to concentrate the army for the movement against Corinth. Halleck was hurrying forward the raw troops as rapidly as they enlisted throughout the Northwestern States, without drill or discipline, and to these he purposed to join Buell's veteran army, or at least 40,000 of them, for the advance upon Corinth.

The reader may ask, why this formidable movement on the insignificant interior village of Corinth?

Let us answer this by looking a moment at the Confederate situation. Corinth is the intersection of the Mobile & Ohio and the Memphis & Charleston railroads. These were the only two through railroads in the Confederate west, north of Vicksburg; and with these roads in their possession they had quick railway communication with all points in the interior of the Confederacy. It was located in an undulating, healthful, fruitful region, and was therefore, as the generals on both sides saw, the most vital strategic point in the West to the Confederate government.

Thither, therefore, the Confederate officers moved all their available forces

in the West. General Polk's army, which retired from Columbus and was not needed at Island Number Ten, was brought down; forces from Memphis were called in; Price and Van Dorn were hurried over from Arkansas (but came too late for Shiloh); Bragg's corps was brought up from Mobile and other points in the South, constituting a splendid army of over 50,000 men.



Courtesy of the War Department.

GEN. H. W. HALLECK.

As this great concentration of forces became known to Halleck, through Smith, Sherman, Grant and others, he became anxious, and renewed his admonitions to Smith (then to Grant, when he resumed command) not to risk a battle, not to advance too far, etc.

This concentration by the Confederates had been in progress for some time, concurrent with the National concentration at Shiloh, and was not fully consummated until the 2d or 3d of April. Up to that time there had con-

centrated at Pittsburg Landing or Shiloh (it is known by both names) about 38,000 Union troops.

It should be noted here that this "landing,"—for there was no village,—was the only landing above overflow along the river, with passable roads connecting with the objective point, Corinth.

We saw in preceding chapters the

leek's requests, and issued an order abolishing the Department of the Ohio, and placing Buell under Halleck. The President took the matter into his own hands and issued the following order:

President's } EXECUTIVE MANSION, }
War Order, } WASHINGTON, Mar. 11, 1862. }
No. 3.

Ordered further, That the two departments now under the respective commands of Generals Halleck and Hunter, together with so much of that under General Buell as lies west of a north and south line indefinitely drawn through Knoxville, Tenn., be consolidated and designated the Department of the Mississippi, and that until otherwise ordered, Major General Halleck have command of said department.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



Courtesy of the War Department.

MAJ.-GEN. D. C. BUELL.

unavailing efforts of President Lincoln and General McClellan to secure co-operation between the armies under Buell and Halleck so long as the former had command of an independent department. Whatever the causes might be, whether ambition, jealousy or immobility, coöperation always failed at the vital moment. And now as it became apparent at the War Office that operations were in prospect which made coöperation *vital*ly essential to success, the President yielded to Hal-

The President seldom interfered with the actual operations of his Generals, but now and then he found it necessary to "put his foot down firmly," as he termed it. He now did, what evidently had been wise to do in the beginning of the war; he placed the entire Western field of operations under one head, who could work out the necessary combinations. The Confederates had acted more wisely in this regard. Albert Sidney Johnston, an officer of undoubted military skill, had been given command over the entire West; and that enabled him to wield everything into his combinations, and resulted in the rapid concentration of all his armies at Corinth.

Meantime, the reader is invited to remember that we left General Buell's army at Columbia, Tenn., ninety miles east of Shiloh, with as easy roads and as old settled country intervening as any in the West.

It is interesting to now recall the efforts that were then made to move Buell's army over this ninety miles to a junction with Grant. The War Records of that time shall speak, lest the

story, otherwise told, might seem incredulous.

EFFORTS TO MOVE BUELL TO SHILOH.

Halleck to Scott, Assistant Secretary of War, March 6th: "It is reported that Beauregard has 20,000 men at Corinth, and is fortifying. If so he will make a Manassas of it. It is his best point to cover Memphis and Chattanooga. What a mistake that Buell did not send forces to move with us up the Tennessee so as to seize that point. Smith has gone to do it, but I fear it is too late, and that he is too weak. I cannot make Buell understand the importance of strategic points till it is too late."

Scott answered Halleck the same day, saying: "If you telegraph Buell that you want a column of 10,000 or 20,000 men by river or land to cooperate, he will undoubtedly send them."

Thereupon Halleck telegraphed Buell at Nashville, as follows: "News down the Tennessee that Beauregard has 20,000 men at Corinth, and is rapidly fortifying it. Smith will not, probably, be strong enough to attack it. It is a great misfortune to lose that point. I shall reinforce Smith as rapidly as possible. If you could send a division by water around into the Tennessee it would require only a small amount of transportation, as it would receive all its supplies by river."

No answer came from Buell, and the next day (7th) Halleck telegraphed to Secretary of War Scott, saying: "I telegraphed to General Buell to reinforce me as strongly as possible at or near Savannah. Having destroyed the railroad and bridges in his rear, Johnston cannot return to Nashville. Buell should move immediately and not come in too late, as he did at Donelson. We must again pierce his center at Savannah or Florence."

On the 8th Halleck again telegraphed Buell: "If you determine to send any troops to the Tennessee, please let me know when and how many."

Again, on the 8th: "Do you purpose to send any troops to the Tennessee, and, if so, how many and when? My own movements are delayed for this information. Answer as soon as possible."

On March 9th, Buell, in answer to all the urgent requests for reinforcements, telegraphed to Halleck this useful bit of information from Nashville:

"... I can move from one side of the river to the other at pleasure, and if we attempt to operate on both sides without the same facility of transit, we are liable to be beaten in detail."

Next day Halleck grew angry and sent this very emphatic and very sensible telegram to General McClellan at Washington:

The reserves intended to support General Curtis will now be drawn in as rapidly as possible and sent to the Tennessee. I propose going there in a few days. That is now the great strategic line of the Western campaign, and I am surprised that General Buell should hesitate to reinforce me. He was too late at Fort Donelson, as Hunter has been in Arkansas. I am obliged to make my calculations independent of both. Believe me, General, you make a serious mistake in having three independent commands in the West. There never will, and never can, be any cooperation at the critical moment; all military history proves it. You will regret your decision against me on this point. Be it so. I shall soon fight a great battle on the Tennessee unsupported, as it seems; but, if successful, it will settle the campaign in the West.

This vigorous dispatch was taken to the War Office (McClellan being across the Potomac), and then to President Lincoln, and the next day (11th) he issued the order (quoted *ante*) consolidating the departments under Halleck. He had been greatly annoyed for months at the lack of cooperation between Buell and Halleck, and determined to put an end to it. When he made the order, he said: "In family rows, the old man usually has to interfere; and, if he cannot settle matters without the birch, that has to be used."

On March 10th Buell wrote Halleck from Nashville, urging him to establish himself much higher up the river, saying, amongst other things: "The establishment of your force on this bank of

the river, as high up as possible, is evidently judicious, and with the same view it would be unnecessary and inadvisable to change the line on which I propose to advance. I can join you almost, if not quite, as soon overland as by water, in better condition, and with more security to your operations and mine. I believe you cannot be too promptly nor too strongly established

ceive from this that without Buell's aid I am too weak for operations on the Tennessee."

On March 10th Buell telegraphed Halleck, saying: "My advance division is at Columbia. The heavy rains and the destruction of bridges will of course retard our progress somewhat."

Will the reader kindly keep this date in memory — March 10th — Buell's

army had reached Columbia, ninety miles from Shiloh!

March 14th Halleck again telegraphed Buell: "All your available force not required to defend Nashville should be sent up the Tennessee."

The next day Buell answered, saying: "Undoubtedly we should use the river to get supplies, but I am decidedly of the opinion that my force should strike the river by marching. It can move in less time, and in better condition. . . . I had designed to commence moving to-morrow."

Halleck to Grant, at Fort Henry, March 16th: "General Smith must not advance so as to bring on an engagement, but must hold his position until we can reinforce him. *General Buell is moving in his direction.*"

The same day Halleck telegraphed again to Buell urgently, saying: "Move your forces by land to the Tennessee *as rapidly as possible*. The enemy in strong force at Eastport and Corinth; reported 60,000. Grant's army is concentrating at Savannah. You must direct your march on that point so the enemy cannot get between us.

On the 17th, Halleck again to Buell: "It is important that you put yourself in communication with our forces at Savannah *as soon as possible*. *Push forward your troops as rapidly as possible,*



Courtesy of the War Department.

GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

on the Tennessee. I shall advance in a few days."

It would seem, therefore, that General Buell was himself quite aware of the necessity for haste in his movement to join Halleck's forces on the Tennessee, as early as March 10th, and, after much urging, then promised to "advance in a few days."

Halleck, learning that his entire force on the Tennessee only amounted to 23,000, and ten batteries, telegraphed to McClellan, saying: "You will per-

so that we can cut their railroad communications."

Buell to Halleck, 17th: "I have information, which seems reliable, that Beauregard moved last Thursday from Corinth and Jackson to some point not named—probably Savannah—to operate against Smith. A part of the force was to strike the river below Savannah to cut off transportation. Beauregard's force, moving towards Savannah, is said to number 26,000."

Can it be conceived that, with all these positive orders by his superior to "move," to hasten "as rapidly as possible," and with this knowledge that

Henry, where he was uncomplainingly at work, energetically expediting troops and supplies to Smith, up the river. But now, by the grace of Halleck, Smith being sick, he moved up to Savannah, and assumed command. The next day he reported to Halleck, in part as follows:

"I arrived here last evening and found that Generals Sherman's and Hurlbut's divisions were at Pittsburg, partially debarked; General Wallace at Crump's Landing, six miles below, same side of the river; McClelland's and Smith's divisions here. I immediately ordered all troops to Pittsburg and to debark there at once.

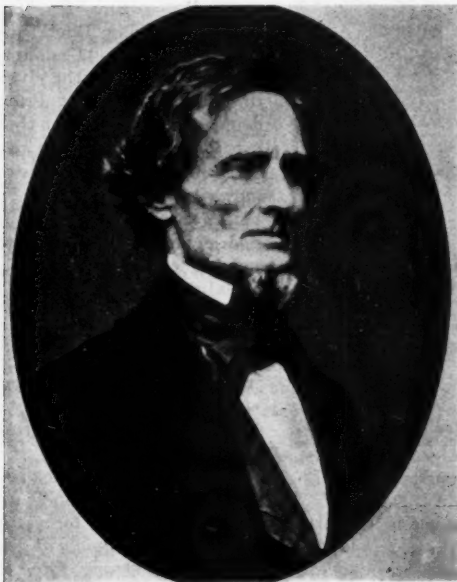
"There is no doubt a large force being concentrated at Corinth. I feel satisfied, however, not much over 40,000 effective men at this time.

"I shall go up to-morrow, and if I think any change of position needed I will make it. Having full faith, however, in the judgment of General Smith, who located the present points of debarkation (and in General Sherman), I do not expect any change will be made."

On the 19th General Grant tried his diffident eloquence on General Buell as follows: "Feeling a little anxious to learn your whereabouts and as much as possible of your present movements, I send two scouts, Breckenridge and Carson, to you. Any information you will send by them I will be glad to learn. I am massing troops at Pittsburg, Tenn. There is every reason to sup-

pose that the rebels have a large force at Corinth, Miss., and many at other points on the road to Decatur."

At this time General Sherman received information indicating that the enemy at Corinth was not more than 20,000 strong, and somewhat demoral-

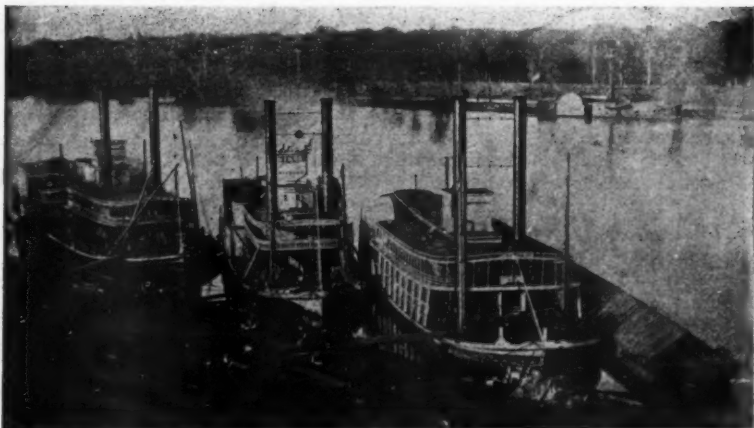


By permission of the War Department.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Beauregard was "moving on Savannah with 26,000 men;" he yet lingered, though he *knew* that Halleck's inadequate force was in imminent danger of an attack?

Up to this point, Grant had been kept, by Halleck, in disgrace at Fort



AT PITTSBURG LANDING, TENNESSEE.

The steamer farthest up stream, on the right, is the *Universe*. The next steamer, the *Tigress*, was General Grant's headquarters boat. On the opposite shore is seen the gunboat *Tyler*. The photograph was taken in April, 1862, a few days after the battle, and kindly loaned the author by Colonel Cornelius Cadie, an Iowa soldier, chairman of the Shiloh National Military Park Commission.

ized. Thereupon General Grant determined to move out and attack Corinth. On the 20th he issued orders: "Hold all the command at Pittsburg subject to marching orders at any time. Troops will march with three days' rations in haversacks and seven in wagons"

But before Grant started, Halleck telegraphed him (20th): "Don't let the enemy draw you into an engagement now. Wait till you are properly fortified and receive orders." And thus the contemplated move came to an abrupt termination, and the waiting for Buell was resumed.

Halleck resumed his exhortations to Buell to hasten, saying: "I understand Beauregard's movements. Move on, as ordered, to reinforce Smith. Savannah is now the strategic point. Don't fail to carry out my instructions. I know I am right."

Halleck to Grant, 19th: "Wait for Buell. He is yet at Columbia and will move through Waynesborough with three divisions."

Halleck to Buell, March 20th: "Heavy draft on me for troops for New

Mexico and Curtis in Arkansas. This will divert reinforcements for Tennessee, and makes all the more important that that you reach General Smith as soon as possible."

General Smith was then sick at Savannah and Grant was in supreme command, but Halleck exhibited now and then a lingering inclination to overlook or ignore Grant when it seemed convenient to do so.

Buell's answer, 20th: "The streams retard us, but I will lose no time that can be avoided in reaching General Smith. Instructions are to go to him to-morrow from Columbia."

The same promise had been made by Buell on the 10th.

At this time, Buell's returns show his army in Kentucky and Tennessee to number 102,783.

On March 23d, when Halleck and Grant supposed Buell's army to be approaching Savannah, Buell answered Grant's letter of the 19th, saying he was still at Nashville, and conveying this cheerful intelligence: "Some days ago I directed my advance to open communication with you. *My advance is at Colum-*

bia. Our progress has been retarded by high water and the absence of bridges.

. . . I shall be at Columbia myself by the time the bridge there is ready for crossing, *probably three or four days yet.*"

The italics are the author's. And this, in the presence of the impending emergency for the utmost speed during the two weeks past. His advance was at Columbia on the 10th, *thirteen days* before. His three divisions should have crossed this river in three days on pontoons or in scows; and there was not a bridge between that point and Savannah that could not have been made passable in a few hours by his regiment of engineers and bridge builders. Moreover, Grant's mounted scouts had no trouble in going from Savannah to Columbia in less than *two* days, without bridges. The truth is, these three divisions should, without the expenditure of any excessive energy, have traversed that distance in less than one week, and it did so when once in motion. But Buell's force dallied at Columbia and did not start, although as early as the 17th he reported to Halleck that Beauregard, 26,000 strong, was moving to attack Halleck's inadequate force at Savannah!

At the same time he wrote Grant (March 23d, he also wrote Halleck from Nashville), saying: "I will start from here day after to-morrow, and will move to Savannah with four divisions of about 35,000 men."

Meantime, Grant was silent and uncomplaining. Whether he despaired of Buell ever reaching him, or still hoped on, he gave no sign, but the idea of attacking Corinth without longer waiting lingered in his mind; and on this same 23d, while Buell was writing his excuses for delay, Grant wrote Smith (who had risen from a sick bed to visit the forces at Shiloh), saying: "I do not hear one word from St. Louis. I am clearly of the opinion that the enemy are gathering strength at Corinth quite as rapidly as we are here, and the sooner we attack the easier

will be the task of taking the place. If Ruggles is in command, it would assuredly be a good time to attack."

But Halleck would not permit this move, and Grant must await Buell's coming.

On March 24th Buell telegraphed Halleck: "Intercepted letters from Corinth, dated 18th and 19th, give strength of the force there at from 25,000 to 40,000. . . . I start to-morrow. Shall then move forward rapidly."

Halleck to Buell, 26th: "All your available forces not necessary to hold your positions on the railroads should be concentrated on the Tennessee, in the vicinity of Savannah."

On March 28th Grant wrote Halleck: "A Union man who escaped from Corinth reports that the rebels have been evacuating Island Number Ten for the last eight days, and concentrating at Corinth."

March 29th, Halleck to Buell: "I wish you to concentrate everything possible against the enemy's center. Don't fail in this. It is all-important. You will find provisions and forage."

Again, on the same day, he urged: "The enemy is massing his forces at Corinth and vicinity. You will concentrate all your available troops at Savannah or Pittsburg."

Buell, *still at Columbia*, answered the same day, saying: "We will waste no time. I rely upon finding provisions and forage at the river."

On March 31st Grant telegraphed Halleck, saying: "Two soldiers from the head of General McCook's (Buell's) column came in this evening. Some of that command crossed Duck River (at Columbia) on the 29th and established guards eight miles out that night. This is the sum and substance of the information."

From this we learn two things: first, that Buell was still at Columbia; and, second, that two soldiers from Buell's army came through from Columbia to Savannah in *two days*.

Finally, General Buell put his army in motion on March 30th, and his advance reached Savannah April 5th, still clinging to his immense trains; the journey *only requiring six days, after starting!*

Inasmuch as the failure of Buell's army to reach the battle-field of Shiloh in time to participate in the first day's battle has given rise to much discussion and bitter controversy, and has found apologists, the author has thought best to let the War Records of the events speak and tell the sad story, rather than indulge in comments of his own. And he submits that the story which the records tell is picturesque as well as impressive.

When that usually energetic soldier, General Nelson, learned that General Buell had determined to move from Columbia, he got leave to take the advance with his division. He told Colonel Ammen, who commanded the Tenth Brigade, to take the advance. Colonel Ammen, in his diary, forming part of his reports in the War Office, tells what Nelson said. In explanation, it may be stated that Nelson was one of the most eloquently profane men in the army. Nelson: "You must cross Duck River at daylight on the 29th." Ammen: "Will the bridge be done?" Nelson: "No." Ammen: "Are there boats?" Nelson: "No; but d—n you, get over, for we must have the advance and get the glory." And Ammen got over.

As they passed through Waynesborough on April 3d, Ammen's diary reads again: "Small Union flags on some houses; women ask to let the band play some old tunes—Yankee Doodle, etc. The music makes them weep for joy."

EVENTS AT SHILOH PRECEDING THE BATTLE.

Leaving Buell's army at Savannah, within ten miles of the battle-field, on the evening preceding that event, let us take a brief survey of what was going on in General Grant's camp at

Pittsburg, or Shiloh. (We prefer Shiloh because briefer and more euphonic.)

Grant worked incessantly, concentrating forces and material for the intended advance. New, undisciplined regiments were being sent to him constantly. He visited the position daily to advise and direct, but did not materially interfere with the discretion of Smith and Sherman in the positions which they assigned the several divisions and brigades on the field. As it was the intention to move thence and attack Corwith as soon as General Buell's army should arrive (or, *if he never came*, then so soon as sufficient other reinforcements might arrive), the encampment was arranged with reference to convenient and suitable camps, proximity to water, etc., rather than with a view to a proper line of battle or defensive purposes. Indeed, an examination of the ground makes this fact more impressive. Nothing could have been more admirable than this position of the army in its preparation for an advance into the enemy's country; or, as a line of battle, if it had been occupied by an army 75,000 to 100,000 strong. But the writer ventures the opinion that if Grant's army had occupied, when the battle began in the morning, the contracted lines which it occupied at the close of the first day's battle, nothing could have moved them or broken their lines. As an encampment, it was admirable; as a line of battle, it was faulty, because too attenuated, too irregular, too detached. The disconnected spaces had to be filled by moving raw troops forward under fire, or retiring them to alignment while in action, and this can never be safely done with undisciplined troops.

But this is comment which would be more in place after the facts are stated.

It was the expectation of *all* the officers that the Confederates would remain and fight a desperate battle at Corinth, and *not* move out and attack the National army. All the facts, as

then known, justified this opinion. This is why the army did not fortify, and did not occupy a shorter and more compact line of battle at the time the fighting began.

The Confederates were at this time conscripting in Tennessee, and their cavalry spread over the country in a cloud covering all movements in the interior. Every day they hovered around the National encampment, making raids on the pickets, and rapidly retreated when pursued. Spirited little encounters thus occurred during several days preceding the battle. The boldness of these attacks, and their strength about the 3d and 4th of April, caused some apprehension, but still not enough to arouse the fear of the vigilant Sherman, whose division was farthest advanced on the Corinth road. On the evening of the 4th there was quite a sharp skirmish on the picket line, in which some artillery was used. Grant rode out with his staff to investigate it. In returning in the darkness, his horse slipped and fell on his leg, and so badly injured his foot and ankle that his boot had to be cut off, and he was unable to walk without crutches, or mount or dismount his horse for several days without help. The injury was painful and he obtained but little sleep or rest. And this was his condition during the battle. A less determined man would have been in the hospital instead of on the battle-field in the thickest of the fight. Grant was more apprehensive that an attempt might be made by the enemy to fall upon his detached force at Crump's Landing on the river, five miles below Shiloh, and he gave orders on the 4th to W. H. L. Wallace to reinforce Gen. Lew Wallace with his entire division, in case of an attack at that point. He also ordered Sherman to keep a sharp outlook for the enemy in the direction of Purdy.

On the evening of the 5th General Sherman reported to Grant: "All is quiet along my lines now. The enemy

has cavalry in our front, and I think there are two regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery about two miles out. I will send you ten prisoners of war and a report of last night's affair in a few minutes."

Grant was suspicious of these repeated attacks on his pickets, and sent an urgent inquiry to Sherman for further particulars. To this Sherman replied on the 5th, saying: "I have no doubt that nothing will occur to-day more than some picket firing. The enemy is saucy, but got the worst of it yesterday, and will not press our pickets far. I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position."

This satisfied Grant at the time, and he went to Savannah on the dispatch boat, where he could meet Buell, whom he expected that night. Buell did arrive, it seems, but did not make his presence known to Grant; and the latter, ignorant of Buell's presence, telegraphed Halleck, saying: "General Nelson, of Buell's column, has just arrived. The other two divisions will arrive to-morrow and next day. Some skirmishing took place last night between our advance and the enemy, resulting in four wounded and four or five men and two officers of our side taken prisoners. Enemy lost several killed and eight prisoners taken; I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us."

Halleck answered him, saying: "You and Buell are to act in concert. *He will exercise his separate command, unless the enemy should attack you. In that case you are authorized to assume the general command*"

That is to say, *during battle*, Grant might exercise control over Buell's army, but not before or after.

General Nelson, who was as profanely wicked as he was brave, told Grant this story on himself after arriving at Savannah. In marching from Columbia he had given positive orders that no soldier should ride on a wagon:

"One day," he said, "I stopped at a planter's house beside the road to get a drink of butter-milk, and sat down on the porch to rest a few minutes. A train of wagons was passing, and perched on the top of one, with his musket across his legs, rode a soldier—a mere boy—in open violation of orders. I arose as the wagon drew opposite me, put my hand on my revolver, and called out:

"Get down there, you blank, or I'll put a bullet through you."

"And what do you think the blank little whiffet did? He deliberately raised his musket, drew a bead on me, and sang out:

"Try it, blank you!"

"What did you do, General?" was asked.

"Do, what could I do but let the boy ride on. Think of it, a mere lad with nerve enough to defy and threaten a General. Why, if I had raised my pistol the blank little whiffet would have shot me sure as thunder."

THE CONFEDERATE CONCENTRATION.

Having thus followed Buell to the evening of April 5th at Savannah, and Grant's army up to the same time at Shiloh and Crump's landing, let us see what the Confederates had been doing in the meantime.

The energetic and fiery Frenchman, Beauregard, was vigorously gathering forces in and adjacent to Corinth, while Johnston was getting the remnants of his army from Tennessee and moving to a common center.

As early as March 11th, General Johnston notified Secretary of War Benjamin that, "It is supposed Buell will concentrate his main force at Savannah to coöperate with Grant."

The readers should know the intense feeling with which General Johnston and the other leaders approached the great Shiloh conflict. It was a determination to be crowned with victory or with death. The criticisms of Johnston for the disasters in Kentucky and

Tennessee had been very bitter; and his friend and chief, President Davis, was criticised and abused for retaining him in command.

A fair specimen of this abuse, in infinite volume, is found in a letter written by E. M. Bruce, a Confederate member of Congress, to President Davis, dated March 11th. He says, in part:

"In my judgment, his errors of omission, commission and delay have been greater than any general who ever preceded him in any country; inexcusably and culpably lost us unnecessarily an army of 12,000 men, the Mississippi Valley, comparatively all provisions and stores, by one dash of the enemy. This is the almost unanimous judgment of officers, soldiers and citizens. Neither is it mere opinion, but is demonstrable by dates, facts, figures and disastrous results. He never can reorganize and reinforce his army with any confidence. The people now look to you as their deliverer, and imploringly call upon you to come to the field of our late disasters and assume command, as you promised in a speech to take the field whenever it should become necessary."

The poor, struggling General was himself burdened with similar complaints and abuse through his mails, and the Southern newspapers were full of unkind criticisms.

On the 26th of March, amidst the abuse heaped upon the unfortunate General, President Davis wrote him a kind and generous letter, saying, amongst other things:

My confidence in you has never wavered, and I hope the public will soon give me credit for judgment, rather than continue to arraign me for obstinacy.

Now I breathe easier in the assurance that you will be able to make a junction of your two armies. If you can meet the division of the enemy moving up the Tennessee before it can make a junction with that advancing from Nashville, the future will be brighter. If this cannot be done our only hope is that the people of the Southwest will rally en masse with their private arms, and thus enable you to oppose the vast army which will threaten the destruction of our country.

I write in great haste, and feel that it

would be worse than useless to point out to you *how much depends upon you.*

May God bless you, is the sincere prayer of your friend,
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

General Johnston's son, Col. William Preston Johnston, afterwards writing of the battle of Shiloh said: "Nothing short of complete and overwhelming victory would vindicate him. A reverse, even merely partial success, would leave him under condemnation."

These give us an insight into the zeal and desperation with which Johnston threw his army (and himself to the death) upon the Union army a few days later.

On the 2d day of April, Johnston issued his orders to his Corps Commanders, Bragg, Hardee, Polk and Breckenridge, for the march on Shiloh: "Hold your commands," he said, "in hand ready to advance in the morning upon the enemy at 6 o'clock, with five days' rations, and 100 rounds of ammunition for small arms and 200 rounds for field pieces."

Next morning (April 3d) before starting he issued the following spirited address:

Soldiers of the Army of the Mississippi:

I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country. With the resolution and disciplined valor becoming men fighting, as you are, for all worth living or dying for, you can but march to a decisive victory over the agrarian mercenaries sent to subjugate and despoil you of your liberties, property and honor. Remember the precious stake involved; remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your sisters and your children on the result; remember the fair, broad, abounding land, the happy homes and the ties that would be desolated by your defeat.

The eyes and the hopes of eight millions of people rest upon you. You are expected to show yourselves worthy of your race and lineage; worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion in this war has not been exceeded in any time. With such incentives to brave deeds, and with the trust that God is with us, your General will lead you confidently to the combat, assured of success.

A. S. JOHNSTON,
General.

This being read to every regiment, the largest and best equipped army that had hitherto moved to battle on the continent, was put in motion.

While his army marched out General Johnston stopped to write and send his farewell message to his friend, President Davis, in these words:

The President, Richmond:

General Buell is in motion, 30,000 strong, rapidly from Columbia by Clifton to Savannah; Mitchell behind him with 10,000. Confederate forces, 40,000, ordered forward to offer battle near Pittsburg, and one division from Bethel; main body from Corinth, reserve from Brunswick converge to-morrow near Monterey on Pittsburg. Beauregard second in command; Polk commands left; Hardee, center; Bragg, right wing; Breckenridge, reserve. Hope engagement before Buell can form junction.

A. S. JOHNSTON.

April 3, 1862.

Then he wrote the following for the guidance of his subordinate officers: "Memorandum for the commanders of corps and the reserves. In the approaching battle, every effort should be made to turn the left flank of the enemy so as to cut off his retreat to the Tennessee River, and throw him back on Owl Creek, where he will be compelled to surrender."

A copy was sent to each general, but a pitiless rain had fallen during the night. His reserves were not up, and his army was not ready, and did not get in position until late in the day of the 5th. Then the attack was deferred until the morning. The army moved a little closer, still hid from view in the forest, and the picket and skirmish lines of the two armies were in touch.

Here were all the best Confederate generals in the West,—Albert Sidney Johnston, Beauregard, Hardee, Bragg and Polk. Price and Van Dorn were approaching from the Trans-Mississippi with what was saved from their recent defeat at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, a great army of fully 43,000 strong and seventy-eight cannon.

They had designed fighting the battle for the Mississippi Valley at Corinth, precisely as Halleck, Grant and all the other Union generals anticipated. But learning that Buell was still remote, they resolved to move on Grant's force at Shiloh and destroy it, or capture it, before Buell arrived. And now, this same Saturday evening, April 5th, on which Buell's advance division reached Savannah, and Sherman did not "apprehend anything like an attack on our lines," and Grant had gone to Savannah to meet Buell, this

well ordered, well disciplined, ably officered Confederate army of 43,000 men, quietly deployed and camped in the forest two miles in front of the National lines, as an army, unheard and unseen! In fact there was supposed to be only a reconnoitering party of "two or three regiments and a battery."

Under the repeated admonitions of Halleck "not to bring on an engagement," "not to fight a battle until Buell arrived," and owing to the fact that Grant, Sherman and the others were in much greater fear of Halleck's paper bullets from the rear than of the enemy's bullets in front, no extended reconnoissances in force were pushed into the interior to ascertain what was beyond the fringe of cavalry scouts that hovered around the front.

On the 5th, some of Colonel Appler's regiment (Ohio), of Sherman's division, returned from the skirmish line and reported, "a good many rebels out there." Whereupon the Colonel ordered his

regiment into line of battle and sent an orderly to inform General Sherman. In a short time the orderly returned and said, in hearing of the men: "Colonel Appler, General Sherman says you had better take your *blank* regiment back to Ohio. There is no enemy nearer than Corinth." There was a loud laugh at the Colonel's expense, and, without orders, the men broke ranks and returned to their camp.

Next evening, after the battle for the day closed and Sherman had been so badly shaken up, Colonel Appler sent word to him, by one of the General's staff: "Tell General Sherman he had better take his *blank* division back to Ohio." Sherman laughed and said: "Well, if Colonel Appler knows as much about *that* as he did about the rebels coming, I guess we had better go. But you tell the Colonel he'd better not make *that* order until we see what fun we'll get out of this 'shindy' to-morrow "

(To be Continued.)



AUTUMN.

SUNBURNED Autumn in her gown,—
Jacket red, and skirt of brown—

Why, it looks as good as new!
Yet it was that green and blue
That her sister, Summer, wore
Three full months and something more!
But their mother, Nature, knew
How to die a green and blue,
And to dress her younger born
In old gowns that had been worn.

Anna Neil Gilmore.

THE LIEUTENANT'S SWEETHEART.

BY FRANCES L. BISBY.

LIEUTENANT SUMNER reined in his horse sharply.

"Hark!" he said in a low, imperative voice, to his men.

"Bedad! what's the matther, Loo-tinant?" asked Pat Finnigan in a sepulchral whisper.

"I thought I heard a child crying," said the Lieutenant, still listening.

"Belike it's the Banshee!" muttered Pat, his teeth chattering.

A cold mist had been falling all day. The wind moaned drearily through the tree-tops. The Lieutenant's men were chilled to the bone, their garments soaked, and their spirits "considerably the worse for wear," as Sergeant Keen privately confided to his neighbor. The horses too, were splashed with mud, and now, as the little command halted, hung their heads dejectedly.

The Lieutenant and his men had been out on a small reconnoitering expedition that day; but, in returning to camp, night had overtaken them and, not being familiar with the road, they had lost their way.

The wind lulled slightly, and presently there was borne to the ears of the soldiers the sound of faint, sobbing, childish wails. The Lieutenant dismounted and entered the woods in search of the owner of the cries. As he carefully made his way along he strained his eyes through the inky darkness in the hope of seeing a light in some house. The cries had ceased, but suddenly they broke out afresh almost at his feet,—which so startled the young officer that he narrowly escaped a headlong plunge into some scraggy bushes. Quickly recovering himself, he felt cautiously around and soon his hand came in contact with something damp and silky. The sobs stopped and a flute-like voice piped out, "Papa! papa!"

"Here, dear!" said the Lieutenant softly, "are you lost?"

"Take me to my papa! I can't find him!" wailed the small voice again.

The officer gathered the wee figure protectingly into his arms. "Come, my pet, he said reassuringly, "perhaps we can find your papa." And he strode back toward the road.

"Well, Lieutenant," called Sergeant Keen, "did you capture the Banshee?"

"I've captured something," returned the other, "but at present it appears to be a very small child searching for its father. Now boys," he continued, mounting his horse, and wrapping the stray in his blue overcoat, "let us take a fresh start for camp." And the party splashed onward through the night, the men swearing softly under their breath.

For an hour the horses plodded wearily on; then all at once a voice rang out: "Who goes there?"

"Blair!" cried the overjoyed young officer, "is that you?"

"Nobody else, sir!" returned the sentinel.

"Blessin's on yer swate head!" fervently ejaculated Pat, and he would have embraced the worthy Blair on the spot, could he have found him in the darkness.

How grateful was the shelter of the tents to the returned cavalymen! How blissful the warmth of the roaring campfire! And then the scalding hot coffee and beans and the hard-tack that Aunt Lizzy, the jolly old colored cook, soon served to them!

Lieutenant Sumner's first care was the child whom he had so strangely rescued. He betook himself to Aunt Lizzy's kitchen which, by the way, was an old log cabin.

"Here, Aunt Lizzy," he said, "is

something I've found and want you to take care of for awhile."

Opening his overcoat, he set the child upon its feet, and there appeared the daintiest bit of a maid you ever saw—great dark eyes, flossy, yellow curls, rosy, dimpled cheeks, a rosebud mouth, and the most fairy-like hands and feet

"Now, my pet," said the young Lieutenant, with a winning smile, "if you will stay here awhile, Aunt Lizy will dry your clothes and give you something to eat."

"Dat I will, honey!" heartily responded Aunt Lizy

"I want my papa!" said the wee maid, with quivering lips and eyes ready to overflow.

"But we couldn't find him this dark night," the Lieutenant said gently, smoothing the damp curls.

"Won't you tell me your name?" he presently asked, thinking to divert her thoughts.

"Sweetheart," she answered shyly.

"Haven't you any other name?" he questioned.

"No," she said, with a positive shake of the golden curls, "just Sweetheart."

"But what was your papa called?" he persisted.

"My papa was called Major Fairley," she said with quaint pride.

"How old are you, Sweetheart?"

"I'm seven," she replied, looking wise.

She was next questioned about her mamma, her home, and how she became lost. Little information could be gained from her small story; mamma had "gone to Heaven" a long time ago; papa was fighting the "Yankees" (did the Lieutenant know about the "Yankees?"), and yesterday, dear grandma had "gone to Heaven, too." The narrator concluded, "Aunt Belle scolded me and whipped me and—and—I ran off."

Then with a piteous little sob, Sweetheart threw herself with childish abandon into Lieutenant Sumner's arms, begging him not to send her back to "naughty Aunt Belle."

He soothed her tenderly, and gave the promise. Finally, he left her to the kind care of Aunt Lizy.

In front of his tent was a crowd of men, among them Captain Harris, who called out banteringly: "Halloa, L'utenant! Heard you were intending to found an orphan asylum!"

A roar of laughter greeted this sally. Sumner, to his confusion, was besieged with questions. At last he escaped inside the tent and was soon enjoying his supper.

When it became known in camp that Lieutenant Sumner had temporarily adopted a winsome little maiden whose name was Sweetheart, the soldiers tormented the boyish young officer unmercifully. His appearance was always the signal for some fun and he was sure to be greeted with such remarks as "How are you, Lieutenant? and how fares it with your lady love this morning?" or "Where's your pretty Sweetheart, Lieutenant? Are you jealous of us fellows?" or "When's the happy day, Jack?—June 2d, ten years hence?"

Often these witticisms were loftily ignored. Frequently they were returned to their authors with interest, for Jack Sumner could hold his own in camp.

After a day or two, Sweetheart made her first appearance among the soldiers under the escort of her rescuer. There was an unique reception in front of Lieutenant Sumner's tent. Standing with her hand tightly clasping the Lieutenant's, Sweetheart was introduced to every man in camp, from the Colonel down to the drummer boys. Each gallantly kissed the maid's tiny hand and fell captive on the spot to her charms.

Henceforth the Lieutenant was seldom annoyed, except by some of the worst wags. Even then they refrained from their banter when the little girl was around, and as she was almost constantly with Sumner, the latter was disturbed very little by the joking.

A week passed away. Sweetheart

and Jack became inseparable comrades. The little maid no longer begged to be taken to her father, for her friend had patiently explained to her why such a thing was impossible at present, and had promised her to do all he could in discovering the Major's whereabouts. The young officer and his charge spent much of their leisure time in Aunt Lizy's cabin, listening to her quaint tales, playing games, or talking light-heartedly together.

Meanwhile the camp was astir. Word had been received that a large detachment of Confederates was moving in their direction. Accordingly, every precaution was taken and all were on the alert. There would be an engagement within three days at the latest.

Lieutenant Sumner was filled with apprehension. What was to be done with the Major's daughter? Town lay between them and the enemy; it was dangerous to venture outside the lines, and at any moment the enemy might approach.

The Colonel was consulted.

"Oh," he said, reassuringly, "Nothing will harm the little one. She can be kept at the rear with Aunt Lizy and the wagons."

And Jack was forced to accept the inevitable.

The enemy had arrived at last. In the early dawn of a beautiful day, the gray columns were massed in battle array to meet the onslaught of those invincible lines of blue.

The sun rose gloriously, shedding a reddish glow upon the green and smiling fields. How soon would even the "King of Light" turn pale at sight of the warm crimson staining the delicate, crushed meadow flowers, so unconscious of impending peril!

There was tense excitement in the Federal lines. Soldiers grasped their muskets, with a look of stern determination in their eyes. Officers rode to and fro, giving orders.

Lieutenant Sumner turned his eyes toward those menacing gray columns in

the distance. Suddenly he grew deadly pale, and a horrified cry burst from his lips—

"My God! It's Sweetheart!"

There, out in the meadow between the two armies, happily gathering wild-flowers was Sweetheart—a bit of pink in a sea of green.

Jack Sumner waited not a moment. With a swift prayer for success he spurred his horse across the field straight toward the wee figure unconscious of danger.

"Come, Sweetheart!" he called.

The little maid heard her friend's voice, and with flower-filled hands, ran to meet him.

Stooping low in the saddle, he caught the laughing child in his arms, wheeled sharply, and dashed back to safety.

But before that blessed goal was reached, a strange thing happened. From the motionless gray ranks there rose a murmur which gradually swelled and rolled along until finally it burst into such a mighty cheer that the very ground shook. As the daring Lieutenant gained the Federal lines, every blue-clad soldier there caught up the cheer and sent it reverberating across the field as thanks to their courteous foe.

But war is war—and soon the conflict began. By sundown the brave Confederates were forced to retreat, leaving the victors to care for the dead and wounded.

Lieutenant Sumner who, despite the fact that his left arm was in a sling, was moving about doing his share to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, felt a touch upon his shoulder. Looking up, he beheld the sober-visaged Pat.

"Ye're wanted, Lootinant," said that person. "There's a ribil major, sor, that's wounded bad, begorra, an' he kapes askin' fer 'Swateheart.' So, says Oi to meself, belike it's the Lootinant's Swateheart he's afther meanin'. If ye can spare the toime, sor,—” said Pat with an apologetic pause.

"Of course!" cried Jack. "Lead the way!"

The Major lay stretched upon an old army blanket. A grayish pallor showed through the bronze of his complexion.

When the young officer approached and knelt beside him, a look of recognition leaped into the Major's eyes.

"Are you the gallant gentleman that saved that little child this morning?"

Then as the Lieutenant flushed and stammered—

"Ah! I know it was you sir, I saw you through my field-glass. And the little girl, sir, who was she?"

Jack briefly related the circumstances connected with the finding of his small comrade.

"But her name—her name!" excitedly cried the Major, starting up.

"She says it is Sweetheart and that her father is Major Fairley," answered Jack.

The wounded man fell back exhausted.

"I knew it!" he murmured faintly. "Bring—her—to—me!"

It was Jack himself who brought the wondering child to her father. Then placing her in the Major's longing arms, he left them for a time.

When he returned the Major was smiling with wordless content upon his wee daughter, who nestled close to him, pressing soft kisses upon his face and calling him "dear papa," "honey papa."

"Lieutenant," said the Major, smiling sadly, "would you be willing to

assume the guardianship of my little one?"

"Willingly, Major, if—"

"My wound is mortal, sir," said the rebel officer, putting his hand to his side. "I think I can trust you with my darling," he continued. "There are no near relatives of ours living—'Aunt Belle' is only the widow of my step-brother. So you see we two are alone and when I—" His voice failed. He kissed his daughter passionately. Presently he drew from his pocket a small packet and handed it to the Lieutenant.

"My address—a few keepsakes—and all the information you may need," he said.

"Major Fairley," said Jack, his voice husky with emotion, "I pray that I may be true to my trust. No one could love your daughter more than I do, and she seems rather fond of me—aren't you, Sweetheart?"

The winsome maid impulsively threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"I love you!" she declared.

"There, you have your answer, my boy," said the Major, with a faint smile. "Now, darling," to the happy child, "kiss papa good-bye, for I shall have started on a long journey when you wake up in the morning."

When a new day smiled upon the slain of yesterday, the brave Major had indeed commenced his journey to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns."

MEN.

WHEN Freedom trembled 'neath a tyrant's heel,
When chain-bound hands were raised in mute appeal,—
God made a Washington, a Lincoln then.
God ever meets emergencies with Men.

Douglass Mallock.



VUE DU CHATEAU DE L'INFANTE.

A NIGHT ON THE BAY OF BISCAY AND ITS SEQUEL.

[CONCLUSION]

BY DANIEL EVANS.

II.

NOT many days afterward a woman, accompanied by another dressed as a Vizcayan peasant, came to my office, the United States Consulate at Bilbao. The motive of her visit, as she put it, was that she had some friends who were about to emigrate to the "States," and she wished information which might be important to them. Her questions were numerous, but she disclosed an unusual acquaintance with the geography of certain localities. She knew California was not a suburb of New York, and that Chicago was not on the Gulf of Mexico. It was a bit of feminine independence and reliance on her own judgment in matters of business quite unusual in Spain at that time. It was apparent that her companion was merely masquerading as a servant. It was evident that the purpose of the visit was other than that pretended. She affected ignorance of business, was unused to travel, and hoped that her stупidities in affairs that men ordinarily attend to would not be unpardonably

annoying, and her inexperience was her apology for any mistake she might make in her desire to serve her friends. I said that Senora must have visited the "States" herself to have such precise knowledge as she had shown. She evaded a responsive reply, but before leaving, admitted she had.

She specially desired to know if household goods were dutiable under the law, and whether it were probable the law would be changed by the time her friends would arrive. The curves that played around her mouth told her enjoyment of her own little sarcasm. I was sure she was the woman I saw on the lighter and who assisted in the toast to the custom officials. I recalled at the time that I had seen her a day or two before in some department of the custom house to which I had had occasion to go. She said in an animated sort of way, as if it just occurred to her, that she had once made a journey on a Biscay steamer, and that among the passengers there was a gentleman who so closely resembled me that she

thought I must be he. I remarked that, while I had been on the Bay, it had seldom treated me kindly and that I generally preferred to go by the diligence. She said she had heard that many people were deterred from taking the steamer by reports and rumors that they were often delayed in delivering merchandise to coast towns. I said I had never suffered any delays, as we had always made the passage between tides. My interviewer seemed gratified. On leaving I said I hoped the Senora had received the information she desired, and asked when her friends would leave.

"Well," she answered laughingly, "in Spain, you know, there are large gaps between intention and action."

The afternoon of the day following this interview, I was at the *Café del Boulvarte*, which looks on to the Arenal and beyond to the river where the Andario was lying. Its captain joined me at a table fronting the park and the river. Presently my interviewer of the day before passed. I related to him the occurrence. With evident interest but with surface nonchalance, he inquired its purpose. I said it did not really appear, but, ostensibly, for information about certain tariff restrictions in America.

I observed him closely. A wistful look came into his face—an uneasiness, breaking through an air of forced imperturbability. Looking at his watch he found the time later than he had supposed, and with an abrupt apology hurried away.

Happening to meet him the next morning, he said he was on his way to my office. He inquired if I intended to visit France soon. He said "it had occurred to him that I might be intending to run over there or elsewhere, and as his steamer was about to leave for Bayonne with a roster of passengers including English merchants and others on their way to Paris and London, and a pleasant company of people, including some of my friends, he would be happy to have me among the number."

Expressing my thanks for his courtesy, I said it was impossible, as I was going to leave the next day for Santander.

"We go by the way of Santander, Senor, and sail at 8 o'clock this evening, and I shall be disappointed if you are not aboard. I press the invitation upon you."

It was late when I reached the steamer. The captain was on the river bank, expressed gratification at my arrival and said he had dispatched a messenger for me. The gangways were pulled in as soon as I had passed over them, and the great sidewheels of the boat were in motion. The cabin had submitted to entire transformation. The little platform on which I had slept, or tried to sleep, had disappeared. Its arrangements fitted the description of elegance and luxury which had been claimed for them in the circulars. That night the Bay was at its best, and Biscay at its best is as calm as the surface of a sea in a mirage. Perhaps it was an effort to keep down its average of sea ugliness.

We stood close into shore. Its rugged bluffs, for great distances rising out of the water to considerable heights and then breaking down into long stretches of level land, were distinctly visible in the flood of light which the moon was pouring on the earth. We stopped long enough at Castro Urdiales to take on a passenger—a solitary woman, closely veiled and wearing the dress of an Asturian peasant. She passed close to me in making her way to the back part of the boat, and probably the better to be able to see, had so removed her veil that I had a good view of her face. It was the woman, who had interviewed me at the Consulate in Bilbao. No one paid any attention to her; she evidently needed none; she knew where to go. The time required by diligence from Bilbao to Castro in order to take the steamer on its arrival there, made it apparent that she must have left the evening of the day she

had come to see me. It was clear she knew about the movements of the steamer, but why she should have taken the long and wearisome ride over the mountains to Castro were questions I could not keep out of my mind.

Castro Urdialis, the home of three or four hundred people, chiefly fishermen, which I had had occasion to visit some months previously, was to me a repellant place. "An ancient and fish-like smell" offends you everywhere. Every house is built on the same pattern—four square walls of stone and openings therein of unequal size, serving for windows and crossed with strong bars of iron as if intended to stand a siege of burglars. Not a green plat, however small, struggled against the ugly bareness everywhere; not a single visible flower was willing to wreck its fragrance against the imprescriptible odors of the garbage heaps and half hardened sewage of the streets. But the town as seen from the deck of the steamer, submerged as it was in the light of the moon, which glinted on the dirty, old walls of the houses, gave a wholly different impression from that I had received from my first visit. Its little harbor has become famous by reason of the fisherman's speech, now a widely used proverb: "*Al Castro o Al Cielo*"—Either the harbor of Urdialis or Heaven. It often happens that dozens of little fishing boats enticed long distances from shore, either by the success of the day's work or the calmness of the sea, may be seen pulling for the harbor with all the concerted strength and skill of stalwart men, when there is not a disturbance of the waters. A speck in the sky, some shift of the wind, some low-lying bunch of mist, has given warning to the keen-eyed boatmen that it is either safety in the harbor, or a wreck washed up on the strand.

We arrived at Santander early in the morning. The passenger from Castro Urdialis, with a heavy mantilla over her face, and myself were the only ones to leave the steamer, which, it was an-

nounced, would not delay at Santander to exceed an hour. Before leaving, I expressed my thanks to the Captain for the pleasure of the voyage. He accompanied me a short distance up the street toward the fonda at which I intended to stop, and said that he should return to Bilbao by way of Santander, and did not expect to be absent more than four or five days. My stay here would at least be that long, and he expressed the hope that I would make the return journey with him. I assumed these to be the usual politenesses of the occasion, and attempted to be Castilian in the expression of obligation.

"You are taking me in a Spanish sense," replied the Captain. "I mean it, veritably, absolutely, and not as a passing courtesy." He continued: "The return journey by land, or rather by mountain, is long and wearisome, a large part of which is in the night, and the passengers in the diligence are country folk who know so little of the world that they are prejudiced against foreigners."

I replied that he was surely disparaging the good country folk, and that some of the most agreeable recollections I had, were experiences in diligence travel, in the out-of-the-way parts of the country.

In answer, he said he was merely reporting his impressions, but hesitatingly continued, "Senor will be accompanied in his return by or in the diligence with the passenger who boarded the Andario at Castro, and who has just left it. Senor must give me the right to insist that he return with the steamer, which will be here not more than six days from the present. I will dispatch a messenger on arrival of the steamer to the fonda. Adios Senor."

I had no opportunity to reply. The Captain walked rapidly to the landing; I went to my hotel.

In the course of three or four days I finished the business which took me to Santander, and concluded to engage a

seat in the diligence for return on the following day. That afternoon I called to say adios to the American Consul, to meet whom was a part of the object of my visit. Two or three days after my arrival, he narrated an interview he had had that morning with a woman whose friends were about to emigrate to the States, as she put it, and desired to know if her household goods would be subject to tariff regulations. She said her friends would probably sail from Bilbao, and they could obtain the information desired from the American Consul at that place, but as she happened to be in town and seeing the American Consulate, she had stepped in to make the inquiry. The use of the word "States," and a certain familiarity with the speech of customs officers, and a knowledge of geography, the Consul said, indicated an object in her visit outside the expressed purpose. I was quite satisfied that the woman was the same who had called on me at Bilbao and who I knew had come to Santander on the same steamer. I went to the bureau of the diligence company and tried to get a seat, but was too late, and I decided not to leave until the next evening. Some time after a messenger came to tell me that one of the seats in the diligence had been surrendered, and that it would be assigned to me if I wished. I returned word that I had decided not to leave that day. Not long thereafter there passed in front of a window of the hotel where I was standing, a veiled senora, with an appearance and a walk that left me no doubt that she was the same person who had come aboard the steamer at Castro Urdiales.

On the following morning the Andario was lying off Santander. I received a note from the Captain that he would leave for Bilbao at 11 o'clock, and politely insisting that I be aboard at that time. The Captain made my presence on the Andario a subject of congratulation and I could no less than congratulate myself, and thanked him for his

kindness in making me the subject of an unwearying courtesy. Yet I could not hide from myself something in the affair which seemed beyond mere politeness.

The return run to Bilbao was wholly unlike the outgoing one. The wind blew as if it had issued from an iceberg. The gray mists hung in patches of tangled thread as if they were tying the masses of heavy clouds just above us down to the surface of the waves and allowed but small spaces of water to be seen. The tide had run out of the river by the time we arrived off Bilbao, and we had to wait for the re-flow before passing over the bar.

At this time it happened, either by an unusually vigorous quest on the part of the customs' officials or a relaxation of ordinary tension of precaution, that a large number of persons had been arrested, charged with violations of revenue regulations, and it was asserted that among these was the chief, or alleged chief, of an organization which undertook to deliver merchandise of foreign fabrication at various places within the Basque Provinces, free of other charges than those demanded by the organization for its services. Congratulatory paragraphs appeared in the public journals over these arrests, and also there appeared, at intervals (for even the censorship of the press will once in a while nod), certain discussions of the right of unhindered trade which the *fueros* of the people secured to them, and the extent to which these had been modified.

The court processes, instituted for the punishment of the arrests, were watched by certain of the mercantile community as well as by the common people whose sympathies were with those who, they believed, gained or preserved to them, by defeating the revenue regulations, the advantages held under the *fueros*. Apprehension was expressed that the management of certain well known coasting steamers might be involved in the legal procedures.



ARENAL AND NERVION AT BILBAO.

A few weeks after my return from Santander I received a visit from the Captain. The conversation drifted by some leading of my visitor to these procedures. He inquired, in an aside way, if I had lately seen the Senora who had, at one time, come to me in the interest of some friends that were about to emigrate to the States of North America. I replied: "Yes; in Santander, and while there she made a visit to the American Consulate in the interest of these same friends, and desired the same information she had sought of me."

"Rumor and the gossip of the clubs," he said, "mix the Senora up in some way with the arrests which have been made,"—and with the shrug of shoulder which says so little and may mean so much: "Perhaps her friends were unfortunately belated in some of their movements." I told my visitor that I had merely heard of these rumors; that I had no knowledge of the processes about which there seemed to be not a

little excitement, and that no one had ever inquired of me about any experiences I may have had in crossing the Bay, except Senora, who, on the visit of which he had spoken, had referred to the matter. My visitor left with the impression that he had obtained what he wished to know so adroitly that I thought his calling was one of courtesy.

Thereafter, at intervals of more or less frequency, I met the Captain at the *Boulevard*. He had traveled much in the States and was loquacious of his experiences and impressions. "You people are like a man who has been walking in a muddy road, with a heavy load on his back, and all at once strikes a solid path and drops his load. You have dropped the narrow limits in which the Old World conservatisms and institutions confine the movements of thought. In truth, you have no limits except the right of your neighbor, which you may not jar, and that of the State, which you may not hurt. The only weeds in your path at the

start were the traditions carried over from Europe, but you have quite trampled the life out of them. You have no exactions of the church beyond what is voluntary; no bayonets behind a creed to make it acceptable, and nothing but the opportunities of office to corrupt your statesmen."

He ran into soliloquy in his eulogies and there was always, it seemed to me, an implication of a comparison with the circumstances which he believed repressed the energies of his own countrymen.

Sitting one afternoon in the *Boulevard*, the Captain joined me. The Andario lay in the river in full view across the Arenal. I thought him communicative and attempted to lead the conversation to my journey on the boat across the Bay from Bayonne. His eyes assumed a far-off look, beyond the steamer in the river—seemingly beyond the stretches of the ocean between the countries—and irresponsively said: "What pleases me most in your country is a certain large generous way the government has in trusting the people, and in assuming they are fit to be trusted. Your scheme of government may be a success if the people can learn by the mere exercise of political power how to do it wisely. Many of them have been moulded by forces; formed into habits and saturated with prejudices which seemingly would unfit them to exercise the power you put into their hands by your easy citizenship."

After that the Andario and its voyages were omitted subjects of conversation.

It came to my knowledge that the proceedings in the judicial tribunals of the city had resulted in incomplete satisfaction to the prosecution.

I not unfrequently met the Senora in the public parks and, in passing, she would, at times, give a faint recognition as if she were not sure of my identity. I had no doubt the customs officials thought she could furnish important information if she wished, and

I had a suspicion she was under espionage. I remember one time meeting the Captain in the Paseo when the Senora passed us. I watched closely to discover any sign of recognition between them. She did not look at us, or appear to see us. The Captain, observing my curiosity, said, "Your former visitor seems to have forgotten you." I replied, "She may not have seen me as often as I have seen her."

"Perhaps she did not appear to see you, as at present."

"No," I answered, "the first time I saw her she could not well have seen me."

"How could that be? It is not wise to put limitations on what a woman sees. Tell me the occasion."

I was crossing the Bay one night from Bayonne and she, with other persons, was in a lighter leaving the steamer I was on. I think she joined in drinking a toast to the health of Her Majesty's officials and others."

My interlocutor was disconcerted beyond his ability to conceal it. His face became white and his eyes had a look of bewilderment and fierceness. I was fully conscious of my indiscretion.

"Adios," came indistinctly through closed teeth as he walked away.

After this I seldom met the Commandante of the Andario, either in the public parks or at any of the frequented cafés of the city. The *Boulevard* was the rendezvous of merchants, club men and strangers, where everyone went to read the foreign newspapers and to talk politics and trade, during the daily interruption of business, for an hour or two—that tranquilizing siesta by which the nerve force of the Spanish people is kept from dissipation and re-enforced by coffee and wine. But even at the *Boulevard* he was rarely seen. I thought perhaps he may have gone on a longer voyage than usual, but this was inadmissible for the steamer was as frequently as ever lying in the river. In the two or three times I met him there it was apparent that he had been

greatly annoyed at the reference to the voyage I had made on the *Andario*, and the partial disclosure of what I had been a witness. In spite of himself, I think, he made me conscious of a tension in the rather free and easy relations which had existed between us. The suspicion of mere complicity with prohibited acts is quite compatible with indifference in reference to them, but the instrumentality by which the suspicion may be transformed into certitude cannot but inspire apprehension and perhaps resentment. Notwithstanding an effort to do so, I was conscious of failure to restore his former attitude toward me. I wished him to understand he could "count on my discretion," as he declared when he said "Adios" to me on leaving the steamer on the morning following the occurrences on the Bay. I wished him to understand that I recognized my obligations to him, and that he need have no fear that I would disclose any fact which came to me as came the events of that night. I wished him to know that a sense of gratitude would keep me silent on the matters which it was so important to him should not be known. I took two or three short trips on the *Andario* to villages on the coast, but a stately politeness marked his greeting and a frigid reserve excluded the possibility of an interview which might have removed the fears which I was certain he entertained.

III.

A year or more had elapsed. I was reading the London and Paris journals at the *Café Boulvarte*. The *Arenal* was crowded with laughing, loquacious well-dressed people. The evening wore away into the night. A few persons, as if reluctant to withdraw from the enchantment, yet lingered, idly sauntering about, or seated on settees with which the park was provided. A breeze was coming up from the sea between the bluffs bordering the river, gratefully cooling the hot atmosphere.

A full moon turned the Paseo into a silver splendor and the swaying leaves made fantastic figures on the walks. I observed a gentleman hurriedly enter the café, whom I recognized as a priest of the *Abando*, one of the city parishes, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. He was in citizen's dress, not an unusual thing. He came to the table where I was sitting, saying he had been looking for me for some time, that a friend wished to see me, and as it was a matter of urgency he hoped I would accompany him at once.

"It is a late hour," he continued, and regretted he had lost so much time before he was able to find me, adding my presence was needed in the matter on hand without delay. He was apparently under some excitement, a condition to which I attributed an appearance of strangeness which he presented. I thought there was something a little unusual in his voice. I went with him immediately. The streets he took were paved with large cobblestones from wall to wall of the houses on either side, except along certain stretches where modern ideas had invaded the ancient order of things and where flags were laid for sidewalks which were not wide enough for two people to walk abreast. He walked rapidly although the heat was oppressive. I supposed myself familiar with the town, having, often and leisurely, strolled up and down its streets, old enough to have been harried by the Vikings, who have left their traces of forays and visits across half a dozen intervening centuries, in the blue eyes, light complexion, light hair and Scandinavian features which one, now and then, finds among the people. I had explored all the old streets and by-ways which remain untouched by what is called "modern improvements," in order to see in quaint forms of structure in church, castle and private mansion, not only the influence of climate and of national characteristics, but also of the social and political con-

ditions of the ages through which they have stood. One may read a religious creed or see a particular state of civilization fossilized in the facade of a building.

I seemed to be going through streets wholly unfamiliar to me. My guide went on as a man not uncertain of himself, and I indulged in some admiration of him, as his familiarity with the town came, doubtless, from his lofty mission which had made all these by-ways known to him. A zenith moon was sending its light down into the narrow streets flanked with houses six and seven stories high, and where the shadows of night linger even at noon-day. I recognized in passing, the grim palace of Peter the Cruel, the cousin and contemporary of the Black Prince, with its associate memories of crime, standing near the old market place into which I expected momentarily we would enter. But we went on indefinitely, and must have taken a circuitous direction, for we were passing the ruins of a convent with much ghostly history. It had once sheltered Christians from Islam foes. Its thick walls had required more destructive agencies than time to overthrow. A tender pity, forcing itself into recognition in usage and law, had drawn lines around it which the secular power dared not invade, and on its fallen stones I had pondered the value of the moral forces which had been able to put limits to political power during mediæval and earlier times. If the foot of a criminal touched the ground within its messuage, he was safe. The Jew had his refuge, the Greek his asylum near his altars, and Christian compassion and sympathy had sanctified the place and made it inviolable by the agencies of the State. Tradition was many-tongued about the ruined monastery; that it had been battered down in the many sieges to which the city had submitted; that its walls had crumbled away from the mere weight of age; that its militant monks had fought for the rescue of the Holy

Sepulchre and carried the banner of Santiago in many a struggle against the Moors. Belated people, in passing it, often heard chants, and, on rare occasions, exactly at midnight, a procession of bare-headed monks would issue from within the foundations and march through the streets. It was well known that when the procession went directly to the old market place and entered St. Mary's Church there, the bells of the belfry would ring violently and great events might be expected. These ghostly processions often announced the cessation of a pestilence, or the advent of a public good, or in some way the intervention of supermundane influence.

We had walked on in silence nearly all the way, and I tried to induce my conductor to enter into conversation respecting the monastery and its traditions, but his replies were abrupt, monosyllabic, and apparently reluctant. This reticence seemed extraordinary on this subject, as I recalled a conversation I had had with him on the many curious beliefs of the people about these ruins, and the prevalent dread to pass by them toward midnight. As I had not met the padre for some considerable time, I asked him if he had been transferred from the Abando, where I had become acquainted with, and occasionally saw, him, to some other parish. His reply was an explosive laughter, and expressed astonishment that he should be mistaken for a priest. "A priest indeed!" and then he laughed immoderately.

I said, "You are padre D——, one of the *curas* of the Abando, are you not?"

"That is a strange idea you have. I think it would strike my friends more comically than it does me."

We proceeded a short distance, when he abruptly stopped. "No, *Senor*, I am not a priest; I detest priests, and therefore regret that I have a brother who is one. Happily our lines in life lie wide apart. I saw him a few years

ago at Valencia; we quarreled; he condemned, or affected to condemn, my mode of life; I despise him. I make a duro where he gets a real. Even this comes from the fears and superstition of the people. Mine, at least, takes courage to win. I have been told that this brother of mine was a year or more ago in this city. I do not care to see him."

We walked on in silence. I had mistaken my conductor for one whom he resembled, and was following a man whom I did not know, to some point unknown to me. The long and rapid walk was wearisome and the disclosure just made not exhilarating. He soon stopped in front of a door opening inward from the street, and taking the big, iron knocker which hung on it, rapped five strokes. In the stillness the noise rose and reverberated up the streets with swelling volume. Presently some one appeared on the balcony of the fifth floor and waved a light in recognition. While waiting for the door to open the cry of a watchman from a neighboring street, "*A las dos y todo sereno*"—Two o'clock and all is quiet—sounded loud and not unpleasantly on the pervading stillness. I was quite sure I was not a part of the *todo* which the watchman declared was *sereno*. A great, heavy door, thickly studded with the heads of iron points driven into it, opened slowly and creakingly on its hinges. A little, shriveled woman, of the age when a decade or two of years adds nothing to the appearance of ancientness, stood within the entrance, holding a flickering oil lamp. The man stepped aside to allow me to enter, telling the woman to ascend the stairs. He followed me, aiding the feeble light by striking matches as we ascended. The steps of the first story were stone, and slanting and uneven, and worn into hollows by footsteps. A heavy balustrade leaned over into the hall, its top rail eaten full of holes. The shadows of the lamp made queer shapes on the walls and stairway. Our footfalls on the loose

tiles of the hall sounded gratingly. If the strange noises and prolonging echoes had come from the gibbering ghosts of former occupants, they could not have been more startling. The ascent was wearisome, and on reaching the fifth floor a boy appeared and asked me to follow him. He opened a door and I passed in. The others went on.

The room was large with low, grimy ceilings, full of breakages where patches of plaster had fallen off. A few chairs and a small pine table, at the farther end of the room, constituted its furniture. The bare floor was uneven and in ridges as if the layers were in some sort of revolt, and near the side walls there was a slight evidence that it had once been waxed, and certainly it had not been lately swept. A lighted candle stood on the table. I sat down to await results. The candle was burning low and threw a ghastly light, a short distance from the table, and a narrow circle overhead which served merely to show the dirt and grime of the ceiling. I tried to encourage its feeble struggle against the darkness by pricking the wick, but its total surrender soon was inevitable. I took it and strode around the room in a kind of reconnoissance and discovered a table in one corner on which were a few books placed one on top of another. I went back to the chair I had occupied to examine them. A photograph fell from the leaves of one of them as I opened it. Faded and stained as it was I felt sure the face was familiar to me. After puzzling over it a long time I recognized it as a picture of the Senora whom I first saw in the lighter that left the Andario in company with the morose and intractable passenger who had come from Bayonne. From the interviews I had subsequently had with the Captain of the steamer, I had mentally associated these two in some common purpose, and this fact gave interest to the photograph, as between the books there was a carefully folded copy of a local newspaper, which, on

opening, I found to contain a detailed account of the escape from prison of a prisoner, who was chief of a band of smugglers, a brigand and an outlaw, to whom every opprobrious term which the denunciatory wealth of Castilian could furnish, was prodigally applied, and who, it was alleged, had defied the power of the government for years. It proceeded to describe his person so that the public would be able to assist in his arrest: "Of middle age, of middle stature, broad, thick shoulders, a low forehead, thin and rather emaciated face, and intensely black hair." The portraiture was so like the passenger on the Andario that his identity with the escaped prisoner seemed to me probable.

The candle had begun to sputter out its last drop of life when a boy entered the room through a door near where I was sitting, carrying a tray on which were a bottle of wine, a glass and some azucarillas, which he placed on the table. He disappeared so quickly that I did not think to call his attention to the candle, and I wondered if he had noticed it. But in a moment he reappeared with another lighted candle which he forced into the candlestick, leaving it at such an angle that I had to straighten it. The bottle was labeled "*Vino de Xeres—1828.*" The wine was generous and full of optimism. So rare a vintage contrasted strongly and strangely with the environment. I began to look at the situation with more satisfaction. I recalled the words of the person who had asked me at the café to go with him. I tried to think how "my presence" could be needed in any matter touching his friend who was known to me, and how there could be any "urgency" about it. As I had mistaken my conductor, it occurred to me for a moment he might have mistaken me,—an idea I soon gave up.

An hour must have passed when a man, whose entry I had not noticed, approached and requested me to accompany him. We passed into a dimly

lighted apartment and then along a dark corridor, at the farther end of which, through a door hidden from view by heavy curtains on either side, entered a large room so brilliantly lighted from an immense chandelier, hanging from the center of the ceiling, that it was some time before I could adjust my eyes to the flood of light. Costly rugs absorbed the noise of footfalls, and the narrow spaces of the floor, where uncovered, glistened with polished wax. Large mirrors were set in the walls. The furniture was of the finest, and mostly of foreign fabrication. A large rocking-chair—a form of chair exotic in the country at the time—elegantly upholstered, invited occupancy with a broad hospitality. The appearances of a luxurious mode of living contrasted strongly with the "*res angusta domi*" suggestions of the first room I had entered. Fine tapestries covered the walls and hid from view whatever exits there were. The gentleman requested me to take a seat and disappeared behind the draperies without even my noticing it.

In the long history of this old city, its tumultuous life in times of civil strife, often made it a necessity to the citizen to assume and even parade poverty in order to escape exactions and confiscations. This house had probably been arranged in view of the coming of the tax gatherer. While waiting for what should occur, I was evolving its history and that of its occupants out of imagination. It was a little pessimistic, but self-evolved histories while being quite as truthful as much of the formal record which passes for such) have the advantage of freedom from the narrow limitations of verifiable chronicles. My story, as I was making it, gave account of spectral hands which, however long they have been dust, "hold in mortmain still their old estates." This sort of mortmain is outside the operation of limiting statutes.

I do not know how long I remained thus absorbed, but, hearing footsteps,

I looked up, and the gentleman who had so suddenly disappeared was standing near me. I arose and followed him, at his request. He pulled aside some heavy drapery and we were in a small chamber feebly lit by a single gas jet. I took a seat in a chair indicated.

Presently I was able to see with more distinctness, and dimly discovered there was a bed at one end of the chamber, and some one lying in it. A table covered with vials and glasses stood near its head. As my eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity I saw that the walls were hung with numerous pictures. There were engravings of two of the steamships of the Peninsula Packet Company and of well-known coasting steamers. Between these were copies of celebrated paintings—an incongruous arrangement—producing a curious effect. A *Mater Dolorosa* was suspended over the head of the bed. There was a painting representing a sandaled pilgrim with a circle of cockle-shells around her neck, plodding her way to the shrine at Compostella, placed alongside of a photograph of the engine which pulled the first train of passenger coaches over the Del Norte Railway. Probably the desire to exhibit the progress made in the matter of locomotion, by such a collection, overcame any artistic sense.

I had sat quite a long time when the person lying in the bed showed signs of being awake. Immediately a woman, whom I had not before observed, went to the bedside and lifted the invalid's head and adjusted the pillows. As he lay on his raised pillow I had a clear view of his unshaven face but could recall no one whom he resembled. His features were sharpened by much suffering and his thin head lay white on the whitened counterpane. His hair was snow-white and he had the seeming of a very old man. The woman was of Andalusian type, tall, with full lips, thick shoulders and the stain of a warm climate in her complexion. She had the large, languishing, deep eyes

of her countrywomen, but an eager look had displaced their natural languor and their flashing blackness was intensified by heavy brows and the long thick lashes common in the Southern provinces. In her person she perpetuated the evidence of Moorish domination in the country. She leaned her head down to catch something the man was trying to say and then turning to me:

"You are Senor Don ——. My husband sent for you. You are very kind to come. I am sure you will not grudge gratification to a man in his state. He has desired much to see you." And then in an undertone, as if she were afraid he might hear: "He is feeble and has not long to live. I leave you with him."

The invalid made an effort to raise his hand but it fell back on the counterpane. He attempted speech but it was inaudible. I expressed what always forces itself to human lips at such a time.

Then distinctly came, interrogatively: "You know me?"

I had observed him closely but was not able to remember anyone whom he resembled. There were the suggestions which came from finding the photograph of the Senora and her associations in my own mind with certain others, particularly with my fellow passenger that night on the *Andario*, but the person before me was an old, gray-haired man, and, although he might be enfeebled beyond his age, and aged beyond his years, it could not be he, I thought. I replied that I was not able at that moment to recall him.

"You do me a great favor to come," he said, with spaces between the words. "The hours have gone slowly with me of late, and I have had much time for criticism of myself."

It was apparent some stress was driving him to speech, in spite of his debility, leaving his mind acutely clear and furnishing a fitful strength. He

continued slowly, and, I thought, considerate of his words and economical of his strength: "Mixed good and evil enter into most of the acts of one's life; but sometimes—sometimes"—he repeated by way of emphasis, "to undo an error seems a greater evil than to let it alone to exhaust itself in its own working."

His voice grew husky, and in a moment, with eyes closed and probably unconscious of any presence, and rather as a monologue, he went on: "We fail in judgment, we lack knowledge and plead ignorance in extenuation of wrong."

There were such long pauses between his words that I feared he would waste his strength of voice in mere soliloquy. Then, rousing himself as if conscious of losing time in vague moral speculation, he hastened to say slowly and distinctly: "I have sought this interview because I desired to ask your forgiveness."

I assured him that he had fallen into undue sensitiveness and begged him to banish whatever disturbed his mind—that he had no need of forgiveness from me—and that, if need were, he had it fully and unreservedly.

He made an unavailing effort to speak. The woman reappeared and stood at the bedside and gave him some medicine and then retired. Presently he said: "You say I have no need of your forgiveness." Then meditatively, as if dealing with his own thoughts: "Yes, I know there is the Infinite Divine compassion. There is the church, with its consolation of confession. But still there is the individual sinned against and must be counted, as I think, in the matter of absolution." Then addressing himself to me: "But you have no knowledge of an offense."

His voice sunk away into a whisper and I was not able to catch his words. In a little while his speech became audible: "Intention and action are one in moral quality."

I said: "You take no account of the moral effect of arrested intention. The decision to arrest an intention before consummation in action may lift the mind which has been the theater of the struggle into moral height which it has never before reached."

He replied with fuller voice, as if there had been a sudden access of energy: "Of deliberately surrendered intention, yes, but intention unsummed for want of opportunity; no, no, Senor."

Then looking steadily at me for a moment, as if his sight were dim, and with evidently painful effort: "You owe your life to the intervention of —, an officer of a steamer in which you were once a passenger. I believed your presence against much persuasion was incompatible with my safety and that of my friends. The officer of the ship did not believe as I did. His judgment was better than mine, but I distrusted it. With the opinions I then had, and with the values I then attached to things, I was unwilling to incur the risks which your presence and knowledge made possible. I formed a resolution which I deemed necessary for my protection and that of others. I was unable to put the resolution into action."

The words came at intervals more or less long. The forgotten face of the passenger on the *Andarío* came back to me. There was the low forehead, the high cheeks set widely apart, the large spaces between the eyes. There were the deep lines furrowing their length on either side of the mouth. His white hair, which was without a trace of its former noticeable blackness, uncut of late, straying in threads over his forehead, and the pallor overspreading his face and an angularity of his features, easily prevented recognition. He had wasted into a wreck of his former self. His silence continued for several minutes and then he resumed: "And now, Senor, with what I have said, do I have your forgiveness?"

I could only answer: "With all my heart."

After a short interruption as if he were trying to hold what was slipping from his mind, he went on:

"If ever you meet Senor ——, the officer, tell him of this interview and that I died thanking him."

A greater sharpness touched his features, an added pallor came over his face.

The woman sank on her knees, threw

her arms around his head and hid her face in the bed-covering. I saw it was she who was on the lighter in the Bay. A priest, whom I had not seen before, came forward from out the shadows of the room, extended his hands over the dying man and prayed the old prayer, which fills with musical echoes "the valley of the shadow," and which has given its solace for so many ages:

"Give him, O Lord, eternal rest and let light perpetual shine upon him."

A TRAGEDY.

I STOOD upon the storm-swept mountain side,
Where yesterday were flowers and tender grass;
Below, the lake in murky colors dyed,
Stirred by the tempest's onward rushing tide,
Swelling with torrents every mountain pass.

The fields were strewn with wreckage from the farm,
Where hostile winds had torn their way along,
Stillling the hearts of all with dread alarm
And strange delight in danger's lurking charm,
As mariners who brave the sea with song.

Above my head, upon a swaying limb,
Missed by the bolt that scarred the fated tree,
I saw a nest, and, just above its rim,
Three open mouths, as in the twilight dim
The calling brood made piteous melody.

Among the tangled litter at my feet,
The parent bird lay dead, with broken wing,
On which the tempest long had beat,
And left her there, so near her safe retreat,
With ruined plumage, helpless, songless thing!

Only a bird, yet God's unerring hand
Was in the storm that swept its life away;—
We cannot make it plain or understand
The laws that govern fate on sea and land;—
Is bird-life less than human? Who shall say?

Edward W. Dutcher.

DR. SPRIGGINS OF BALTIMORE.

BY PSYCHE.

AS HE stepped off the train at the unpretentious railway station of Buttonville he looked around in a vain search for the gesticulating, importunate omnibus-driver who usually awaits the traveler at his journey's end, and if not altogether a pleasing spectacle in the abstract, is nevertheless deserving of gratitude for offering a solution to one of the troublesome problems which occur invariably to the roaming members of the human family. But nothing of that nature was in sight. Nor could he see a four-wheeled conveyance of any kind. He went inside and inquired of the sleepy-looking ticket agent, who was drowsing over a newspaper with his chair tilted against the wall, if he could direct him to a good hotel.

"There ain't no hotel," was the ungrammatical response; "we've got the Act, but there's a temperance house; you'll find it if you go straight along."

"What a place!" exclaimed the stranger, as he proceeded to follow these vague directions, casting a quick glance at his new surroundings. "One blacksmith shop, two general stores, a church, school, and peanut stand! It seems incredible that she should live here!"

He was a stylishly dressed gentleman of medium height. There was nothing foppish about him; everything he wore denoted good taste and substantial elegance rather than a weak pandering to fashion. He had a brisk, independent step, keen brown eyes, and a heavy, black mustache. He was neither stout nor thin, but well-built; his figure was active and wiry and sufficiently vigorous for all athletic purposes.

As he entered the weather-beaten establishment which was honored by the title "Temperance house, the one and only," a few lanky youths in

meager, rusty clothes, whose legs dangled inelegantly from barrels and boxes strewn on the platform, eyed him with lackadaisical curiosity. "There's a bigbug for you," said one of them; "walks as if he owned the town, don't he?"

He was shown to his room by the obsequious proprietor, who had somehow derived the impression that he was escorting a distinguished personage, and a little later stood in the narrow passage before the bedroom door rubbing his large palms together, and looking vaguely anxious, apologetic and inquisitive.

"Excuse me, sir, for the liberty, but I think you are the man engaged by the Presbyterians to lecture on the wonders of Egypt. Am I right, sir?" he asked, suavely.

"No, I haven't that honor," replied the new arrival, as he unstrapped his valise and proceeded to make himself at home in his strange quarters.

"Then you are a phrenologist; don't be so modest as to deny it; your eye sees farther than most people's eyes, sir."

"Wrong again," laughed the gentleman, who was evidently of a genial disposition, "but there is one thing I could see quick enough if it were anywhere near."

"And what is that, sir; don't be afraid to ask for anything you want."

"A good square meal," replied the other, emphatically.

"Ah! to be sure, you shall have it immediately, sir. Excuse me for not suggesting it at once."

He hurried away to execute the order. A few minutes later the guest was seated at a table which was decorated with a red and white cloth and a vase of wilted grasses and wild flowers. His

host, whose services seemed to be required in the capacity of waiter as well as proprietor, set before him a plate of ham and eggs, fried potatoes, brown bread and a cup of very black tea; lastly he brought forward a prodigious book, a pen and a bottle of ink.

"Register your name here, sir, before you begin to eat, if you please, sir, not wishing to interrupt you after you begin, knowing myself how it feels to be hungry. I always take the names, sir, of anybody who is somebody, you understand, sir, though plenty of folks go and come and I don't take any notice of them."

The gentleman took the pen, and carelessly glancing over the column of scrawling, greasy signatures, inscribed in a firm, clear chirography, as faultless as copper plate, "Dr. Spriggins, Baltimore."

"Ah!" said the proprietor, looking at the name ruminatively, "A doc or of divinity?"

"No, medicine," corrected the other, taking his knife and fork to the ham. The questioner looked disappointed for he was in an adulatory mood and would have liked nothing better than to grovel at the feet of some famous celebrity, but an afterthought in reference to the stranger's address showed him a direct short cut to the blarney stone.

"Ah! yes, to be sure! Baltimore, that beautiful city in the United States of America. I have a great respect, sir, for the Americans, they've so much push about them—a very enterprising people indeed." Dr. Spriggins was unmoved by this compliment to his countrymen; it didn't strike him as original, and, moreover, it was so undeniably true that comment was unnecessary. He finished his lunch in silence.

"Can you show me where Mr. Wilmot lives?" he asked as he rose from the table.

"You mean Squire Wilmot, I suppose. We always call him Squire, I don't know why, unless it is that he is getting old, and rich and bald, and

liked to run things pretty much his own way in the village. He was a considerable land-owner at one time, but made some bad speculations last year which pretty near ruined him. Come to this window, sir; do you see that red brick house over there with the vines growing up the porch, and the rustic chairs and flower-pots on the veranda?

Well, that's where the Squire lives when he's at home. He and the Missus are away on a visit to the northwest to see their son, who is on a farm out there, but you'll find the rest of the family at home, if you were thinking of going there to stay, sir. I was hoping you would honor my little establishment."

"I'll stay here for a few days, as long as I remain in the village," was the quick reply, and Dr. Spriggins turned on his heel as if to avoid any further questions from the voluble landlord. A handbill lying on the table in his bedroom announced in showy print a grand concert to be held that night in the schoolroom, and to which the best local talent would contribute. He ran his eye carelessly over the hackneyed program, and was smiling over its rustic style which evinced a lofty disdain of all unnecessary detail and forbore to mention authors or composers in connection with this musical and eleventh-hour treat, when his glance was arrested by a name half way down the page which he appeared to consider worthy of more than casual attention. It was number six on the program which riveted his gaze:

No. 6. Piano Solo—Overture from Mendelssohn—Miss Wilmot.

He read it aloud to himself. "So she is going to play at this concert," he soliloquized; "then she will not be at home if I call and I might as well go to the concert. It will be a clever scheme to satisfy my curiosity as to her looks and style before I go so far as to make her acquaintance." The situation had a certain piquancy for him, and after reading a few pages in the novel which

he had purchased to relieve the tedium of traveling, he prepared to put his scheme into action; made some trifling improvements in his toilet and availed himself of the additional self-respect to be derived from fresh-laundered linen.

Dr. Spriggins, who appeared to be about twenty-seven years of age, was visiting Canada explicitly for the good of his health, for change of air and scenery, rest, recreation, etc., but underlying this solid structure of sound reason, at the very root of the matter was an implicit cause and intention which imparted a peculiar zest and impetus to his peregrination. He had come to cultivate the personal acquaintance of a young lady, of whom he had more than a slight knowledge and who had become inseparably connected with his most secret thoughts, though, strange to say, he had never seen her. These are the facts: In 1889 his sister Nina entered Whitby College to take a complete course of study. During her four years' residence there, her dearest friend and room-mate, the sharer of her joys and sorrows, the confidant of her maiden hopes was Kathleen Wilmot. Under these circumstances what could be more natural than that Nina, being an impulsive and affectionate girl, should mention in terms of praise and endearment her only brother, Septimus, at that time a promising student in a medical college; what so natural as that Kathleen, in the capacity of associate and sympathizer, divining with woman's never failing intuition what was tacitly required of her should manifest a lively interest in all the young gentleman's concerns, and encourage her friend to dilate frequently on this pet theme. Nina casually referred to Kathleen in her letters to Septimus, who in his turn referred to Kathleen, sending gratuitously his "regards." The young lady responded with equal cordiality. In this way, through the medium of letters that passed between the brother and sister, there was an indirect interchange of compliments, a subtle probing for each

other's views, and finally it was Nina who resolved to give these uncertain advances free scope for development, and with the cool, unblushing audacity of the tender-hearted, sentimental girl who will dare much for brothers and friends and romantic complications, especially if she is surrounded by the four walls of a college, she suggested a correspondence between Kathleen and Septimus, which was to have for its definite object "mutual improvement."

"You are both so clever; you both have 'fads' and queer, stubborn ideas about things; it will be delightful for you to exchange sentiments and will have a tendency to make you more liberal-minded," wrote Nina, in her large, school-girlish handwriting. So the correspondence began with a fine flavor of impersonal intellectuality and continued without abatement or any symptom of slackening interest not only up to the time when the girls graduated, but until a few weeks before the doctor arrived in Canada. In the last letter he had written he had remarked in a matter-of-fact way, evidently not intended to convey anything special, "I hope sometime in the near future to visit your country. I've been contemplating a trip which will be a rare luxury for me. Life is too short to be given up unreservedly to the exactions of duty and business."

Her reply puzzled him a little; some foreign element had entered into its composition; it was studied, stilted and unnatural, and no reference whatever was made to his proposed visit. But on the whole he was neither displeased nor discouraged by this letter; its dignified reticence was a proof to him that his words had made an impression, and inclined him to be more hopeful than otherwise.

So at half-past seven o'clock on a tranquil June evening, Dr. Spriggins, with an inward sense of exhilaration, which is produced by an absolutely new experience, stood before the small, cracked mirror which testified to the

limited accommodation of the Temperance house, and brushing his hair in the latest approved style, made himself as neat as possible, so that when Miss Wilmot's eyes should rest upon him, all unconscious that he was the clever correspondent who had done so much for her mental improvement, she should exclaim in disinterested admiration: "What a fine looking gentleman! I wonder who he is." The young doctor was a student of human nature as well as of medicine, and knew full well the importance and significance of favorable first impressions. A little later, feeling like a conquering hero in disguise, he sallied forth to the concert. He would sit in a back seat, he said to himself, a good natured, impartial critic, and fortified against any unwholesome waves of sentiment by the stolid assurance that the young lady had no suspicion of his identity, he would study her style, manner and expression, respectfully and intelligently, and be able to calculate to a nicety the probable duration of his sojourn in Buttonville.

When he got there the hall was crowded and still the people filed in—large families of small children, young enough to be in bed at that time of the evening, were hustled into a seat by flurried parents; self-important young swains with their sweethearts, in the rear, elbowed their way to the front. Dr. Spriggins squeezed himself into a corner near the door, hung his light, grey summer overcoat on the back of the seat and presently wished himself somewhere else, there was such an influx of rowdies to that remote portion of the building, talkative, red-faced fellows with a breath that was redolent of tobacco and something stronger, a definable, commonly recognized, odor that could not have been lawfully purchased at the Temperance house.

"That's all right, Miss Wilmot," said a voice near the entrance. Dr. Spriggins started as he heard the name and, leaning slightly forward, fixed his

eyes on the door in a moment of curious, suspended curiosity. A tall girl, with large, frank, blue eyes that had a certain careless impertinence about them, was pushing through the group of loafers. Her jaunty sailor hat was slightly awry, her dress fitted her slim, angular figure loosely, and certainly did not look neat, and her gloves were the least creditable feature of her attire; they were tan kid very much soiled; one of them flapped loose, bereft of even one solitary button; the other was twisted into a knot and carried in her bare hand. She had long arms and knew how to use them in an emergency, as several impromptu samples of their muscular force clearly demonstrated. "John Peters, you great lump, move on, can't you? You're big enough and ugly enough," she said, pommelling the broad back which impeded her progress.

The individual thus addressed did not seem to recognize this flattering description of himself. He turned on her a mild, uncomprehending stare, but did not budge one inch. She promptly shoved him to one side and marched triumphantly up the aisle. Spriggins groaned aloud. For one vivid instant he had an awful, indescribable feeling—the reaction which is the inevitable sequence of a shattered illusion. Was this the charming unknown, whose gift for letter-writing had beguiled his leisure moments, whose imagined attributes had been purely refined and feminine? This was the sort of girl who would climb fences, chew gum, talk back to her parents, use current slang, take liberties and finally come to a bad end if she didn't moderate her conduct. And he had come all the way from Baltimore to see her! His head fell forward with chagrin and mortification. The secret inspiration, which had comported itself in an eminently lively and happy manner, went off into a dead faint, so to speak, and floundered helplessly amidst some tremendous waves of disappointment.

"Will you kindly allow me to pass?" said a gentle, patient voice. The rowdies quickly dispersed and left a broad, open passage. It was the same girl, looking milder and neater, more like a lady. No; there was a strong likeness, but the eyes were different, sweeter, more womanly. The doctor gathered his senses together in one mighty, hopeful effort. Yes; this was Kathleen, without a doubt; every fibre of his body was delighting in the conviction. He was immensely relieved, though half provoked at himself for the obtuseness which had occasioned him so much unnecessary misery. True, it had been of short duration, but, in a case of this kind, just a little of the poignant emotion which seized upon this adventuresome young man is an almost unendurable quantity. Of course, the first girl was the younger sister, he soliloquized, he might have known as much: but, indeed, he had quite forgotten that she had a sister, so completely was his mind engrossed on subjects of more immediate importance. He settled back into his corner and prepared to enjoy himself without alloy. The program was ordinary in the extreme, but such as one might expect from the inhabitants of a small village. Selections were sung, played and recited which had been heard scores of times, even by rural natives. Dr. Spriggins gave little heed to the proceedings till Miss Wilmot's name was called and she took her place at the piano. Then he struck an attitude of flattering appreciation and attention. How beautifully she played and with such sympathetic interpretation of the composer's meaning! The piece was so much too good for the audience that they did not scruple to show their lack of appreciation. They yawned, whispered and looked bored. He wondered why she had not chosen something commoner on this occasion — a simpler class of music, more intelligible to the popular taste. But, observing her more closely — the proud, stately head, with

its dainty poise; the slim, firm hands, pronouncing every note with unerring exactness; the serene look of pleased absorption — he concluded that, from first to last, she was classical — a young lady who moved on a high plane and consulted lofty standards in every pursuit; who had singularly fine perceptions of true art, and, consequently, couldn't and wouldn't play jigs if all the giddy world had risen up and demanded it in one breath. Dr. Spriggins was still in the maze of a pleasing reverie when the performance came to an end and the meek, reverend gentleman who was chairman poked his head through the geranium plants which profusely decorated the platform and announced, "'God Save the Queen,' by the choir." There was a general rush for the door; nobody cared to wait for this familiar chorus, and the doctor thought to himself as he watched the stampede, that the sovereign lady of the land was not held in much respect by her subjects. In a moment he was moving with the crowd. At first he thought he would slip quietly away without making himself known to Kathleen, and call at the Wilmot residence to-morrow with all due formality, his mood properly adjusted to the requirements of the occasion. Yet, stay — what need was there of any delay or pretense? How much pleasanter it would be to step up to her now, and, avoiding all unnecessary ceremony, say frankly: "Here I am at last, Miss Wilmot. May I have the pleasure of walking home with you?" He glanced up suddenly to find the object of his thoughts standing at a little distance, and looking at him with undisguised interest. It was evident that she recognized him. Without the slightest trace of uncertainty or embarrassment she swept up to him, and, holding out her hand, said cordially:

"How do you do, Dr. Spriggins? I have the advantage of you as Nina had an old photo of yours. I am glad you have reached this interesting point in

your wanderings. You'll call to see us to-morrow, will you not?"

He looked at her a moment in bewilderment. She spoke as if she thought he had come to see Buttonville, and he could find no adequate answer for such an obviously absurd supposition. Buttonville, indeed!

The young fellow who had turned her music stood beside her, holding her music-book and wrap with quite an air of appropriation, and regarded Spriggins with a sort of sulky disfavor. He was rather a good-looking boy, though his hair was parted in the middle and his rough, tweed clothes had evidently been made by his mother.

"May I," began Dr. Spriggins approaching nearer and looking doubtfully at the antagonistic youth.

She bowed and murmured something which the noisy trampling of the crowd rendered inaudible, though he judged from her manner that it embodied a polite regret, and presently she disappeared with her companion, leaving him to solitary reflections which were not altogether pleasant.

He strolled slowly back to the Temperance house in the tantalizing moonlight, which glimmered in its usual sentimental fashion, and wrought havoc upon his susceptible, though practical, brain. He felt rather foolish and strangely dissatisfied, notwithstanding that his regard and admiration for his fair correspondent had received a marked stimulus. He was afraid that she would think he had gone there tonight in the capacity of a "spy" to make sure of her eligibility from the standpoint of attractiveness, before committing himself further; and this motive, though it had certainly been entertained in his mind earlier in the evening, with no sense of its unworthiness, appeared now to be so distrustful and ungallant that he promptly disowned it as being totally irrelevant to his original intention. He had gone simply to kill time, he told himself; he was innocent of anything more complicated.

Two days later he was sitting in the pretty parlor whither Nellie had conducted him, awaiting Kathleen's appearance. This was not his introductory visit. He had been here the previous afternoon, had stayed for tea, had been delightfully entertained, and in the early evening twilight had enjoyed an open-air promenade with the young lady of the house, presumably, of course, for the furtherance of "mutual improvement." He was certainly making rapid advances in a course of general knowledge pertaining to his new friends. He had begun to like Nellie immensely. She was lively and interesting, and not at all formidable as a prospective sister-in-law.

"Kathleen can't come in yet; she's making pies, and her hands are covered with dough," said Nellie, as she lounged into the room; "she says I may entertain you till she is through. I hope you appreciate the honor."

"I certainly do," said Spriggins smiling. He had reason to know that she was a versatile entertainer.

"Well, how do you like our country? Is this the first time you've been in Canada?"

"Yes, and I like it very much Nellie, what I have seen of it."

"Does our Kathleen strike you as a yielding girl?" she asked with sudden irrelevance.

"No, I can't say that she does," he replied, in some doubt as to what he ought to say in response to so strange a question. "But she is very amiable, I am sure."

"Yes, sometimes. Oh, she is amiable, of course; we all are, but she is stubborn too, and when she makes up her mind to anything she sticks to it. I don't know whether she ever said anything about it to you, but she has decided to be an old maid;" her voice sank to a cautious undertone, "she has no faith in men. Papa calls her the modern young woman, you know the modern young woman doesn't hanker after marriage the way the old-fashioned ones used to.

It is becoming the style in Canada for girls to be independent old maids."

"Yes, so I have heard," he returned, reflectively. "But don't you think I might change her views of these things Nellie? Just between you and me I should like to try."

"Are you rich?" she asked, a ill speaking in a confidential undertone.

"Yes, rather; that is, I have more than a modest competence."

"And good natured?"

"Very," he smiled winningly.

"I wouldn't like to see her marry an American—a Yankee American like you. You have such loose ideas about marriage," she said with remarkable candor. "Your divorce courts are a disgrace to your country. Fancy Kathleen ever being divorced, it would kill us all."

"Oh Nellie, don't say such dreadful things. How can I convince you that nice, respectable people over there don't get divorced any more than they do here; but I'll not argue the point just now, you must try to overcome your prejudices, for I confess to you that I shall do my best to become your brother. Don't tell anybody what I have said; let it be a secret between you and me."

Kathleen now entered the room with a pretty, welcoming smile, her cheeks slightly flushed with her recent cooking operations, and Nellie with a significant glance at Spriggins, beat a hasty retreat. Miss Wilmot went to the window and raised the blind higher to let in more of the radiant sunlight. The movement revealed to advantage the outlines of her rounded, supple figure. There was a good deal of character in her face; it was too expressive of reserve forces of heart and mind to be designated as merely "pretty"—an adjective which generally implies a degree of doll-like inanity; neither were the features so faultless as to comply with the rigorous demands of beauty. But the face was lovely and lovable; the blue eyes were so kindly, so earnest and, withal, so merry, the blooming com-

plexion was so significant of a contented spirit and good health that it was not only excusable but perfectly natural that Dr. Spriggins should take a silent inventory of these charming details before relinquishing himself to the polite requirements of conversation.

"Don't you sometimes feel that your talents are buried in this place?" he asked, looking out of the window upon the few scattered houses and uninteresting scenery of Buttonville.

"I used to feel so at times. But what does it matter, what does anything matter so long as we do our duty? I don't believe there is any real happiness outside of the conscientious performance of duty. I am sometimes addicted to the bad habit of vain wishing"—she paused and looked meditative.

"For what do you wish?" he asked gently.

"For nothing at all, at present," she responded; "it is a long time since I indulged in a discontented mood. But, yes, I have one unsatisfied desire. I want Nell to go to college and have advantages which can't be procured here."

Spriggins mentally registered a vow that Nell should go to college, he would be as bountiful as a fairy god-mother to the whole adorable family.

A silence ensued. He was thinking too hard to be able to talk fluently. He had a vague intention of asking her to go for a drive with him next day. A spin over the smooth roads in the balmy, summer air would fittingly introduce the subject nearest his heart. Yet, why put off till to-morrow what might as well be done to-day? He longed to reach some definite understanding which would give him the right to take her in his arms.

"Did your conscience never trouble you about our correspondence?" she asked suddenly.

"Never; why on earth should it? What was there to be troubled about? We began it from purely intellectual motives."

"I am afraid no good motive could save it from being unconventional and rather indiscreet." She looked serious and vaguely penitent. "Yes, I have had my doubts about it, but latterly I have had so few people to talk to—people who understood me and it was such a pleasure to —"

"Please don't excuse yourself to me Miss Wilmot, there is no need, I assure you," said Spriggins, who was much touched by this manifestation of acute feminine conscientiousness. "I know all you would say; I understand you better than you think. If I were to tell you that the glimpses of your womanless, which reached me through the medium of your letters, made me a manlier man and polished those delicate sentiments which had grown rusty in the inflexible routine of business, would your inward monitor still object?"

"The end does not always justify the means," she said sweetly.

"You may take my word for it that it does in this case," he replied, confidently. "There is something I want so much to say to you," he continued in a lower tone, "if I only dared. I don't

want to startle you dear, but really I can't be silent any longer." He went to her, and lifting her blushing face, looked earnestly into her eyes. "I love you, Kathleen; I have loved you a long time; you have helped me so much in many ways—will you not be my helpmeet through life? I never proposed before, and I can't beat around the bush and say pretty things as some men can, but will you be my wife, dearest?"

"Yes," said Kathleen, unhesitatingly, her face radiant with love's own light.

The quick, candid response delighted him, and he said to himself that she was made of the right stuff for a doctor's wife; she was practical and sensible, and had no shilly-shally nonsense about her.

"God bless you, dear," he said, fervently, "you will never regret it."

Neither of them knew that Nell's ear was pressed against the keyhole and that her slim form was trembling with wild emotion, for nothing so exciting had ever happened in that house. If they had known it would not have interfered with their complete happiness.



OCTOBER.

SLOWLY fall the leaves of gold and crimson,
As the kindly wind goes sobbing by.
Patient Earth with silent grieving takes them—
Bears them on her breast until they die.

And the soul, immortal, looking fondly
On the hopes that graced a vanished day,
Sees her dreams turn slowly gold and crimson,
Even while they fade and pass away.

Elizabeth F. Sturtevant.

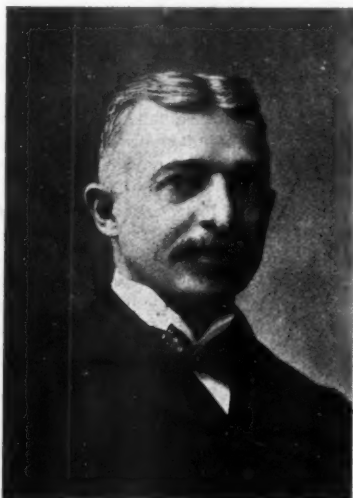
THE HARTFORD OF THE WEST.

By ———

THE insurance business, which has reached such gigantic proportions and extends its protecting hand over so many objects and enterprises at the present time, originated early in the history of commerce.

Individual capitalists, desiring to promote business enterprise, assumed the risks of accident and disaster, which otherwise might mean ruin to those engaged in the undertaking.

The utility and justice of these measures of safety were at once recognized



EX-GOV. FRANK D. JACKSON,
President Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Company.

and appreciated, and from that early day, when the ships that ventured out upon the uncertain deep, with their cargoes, were insured for the benefit of merchants and owners, this business has expanded in all directions, keeping pace with the march of modern progress.

It has adapted itself to the ever-widening fields of business enterprise, and stands ready to guard the unfortunate or the unwary against all the adverse chances of life.

While prudently and carefully forecasting possibilities, it declares the principle, that it is better for many to incur small loss, than for one to suffer great loss. Wherever danger is apprehended or calamity may lurk, it offers protection and promises indemnity. It furnishes a basis for credit that the world's great enterprises may move forward. It stands in the pathway of fire and flood, and from ashes and desolation guarantees continued and uninterrupted prosperity.

Premature death, accident, disease, old age are divested of half their power, when the prudent man provides for himself and loved ones, the safeguards of insurance.

It has been said most truly of this business, that "it stays the slings and blunts the arrows of outrageous fortune, by its system of distributing the ills of accident and chance."

For many years Hartford, Connecticut, was the acknowledged leader among American cities, in the insurance business, but with proverbial Western energy, Des Moines, the capital city of Iowa, has overtaken and outstripped its older Eastern competitor until it has won the enviable distinction of being the greatest insurance center of the United States.

Good substantial companies, representing every variety of insurance, may be found in Des Moines, offering indemnity for almost every conceivable kind of loss.

There are institutions born in the West that rapidly grow into a part of the ways and means in evidence in everyday business life, as the result of energetic labor based upon confidence in the "eternal fitness of things." After these institutions have attained power and strength, they are called the fruit of Western energy. Iowa is regarded essentially as an agricultural State. It has fifty-five thousand square miles and is divided into ninety-nine counties, and annually gives evidence of the excellent



SIDNEY A. FOSTER.

Secretary Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Company.
Author of "In all that is good, Iowa affords the best."

care taken in tilling as well as of the productiveness of the soil. It is a fact that you can go upon any section of land in Iowa, and sometime during the twenty-four hours you will hear the screech of the locomotive or the roar and rumble of the cars. This indicates how much the State is cut up and seamed by railroads. By the census of 1890 there are one hundred and fifty-five towns, each containing more than one thousand population. These towns are of modern growth and surpass in beauty and convenience, towns of much larger size in older states. These towns are all ambitious and the town that does not expect from five to ten thousand population eventually is a rarity. They are now much more than market towns; many of them are manufacturing as well as educational centers.

One fact is very sure. Money invested in Iowa is safely invested. Iowa people are becoming very forehanded and they are carefully investing their money at home. It is true that Iowa farmers hold much the largest per cent of deposits in the 1,067 banks of Iowa,

and it is also true that this per cent is increasing in the farmer's favor. Many of the towns are pretty well populated with local capitalists—retired farmers. Many a farmer has lived for years on land bought and broke, and finally becomes so situated in life that he can buy a nice home in town, and rent the old farm for cash; or, in giving his children an education in town, puts in his season on the farm and winters with his family in town. Iowa people do not appreciate how much of this is done, but when they have read this in *THE MIDLAND*, they will have gathered statistics from the community in which they live, and they will be surprised. The conditions in Iowa that must come in a few years are not alarming when we look at the possibilities. Situated as Belgium is, Iowa could support, from her own resources, more than thirty millions of population. All France could live in Iowa, and without boasting, live better than now.

The State of Iowa has a population of the best blood of New England and the Middle States. With energy, persistence, and a measure of "good luck," as they call it, the commercial credit of Iowa stands equal to that of any State in the Union, and the value of its farm mortgages stands the highest of any. These are the premium articles which are sought after because they are "gilt edge." Iowa has never started any boom, and while some localities may have over-reached, all this has been recovered and the golden mien of universal stability exists, based on the inexhaustive resources of this incomparable State. Iowa is a State without any indebtedness, and more than thirty millions of dollars have been put into its public institutions.

Situated in the heart of this continent with its wonderful wealth and resources, it is not to be wondered that the people of Iowa are disposed to boast of the wonderful superiority of their State. In 1886, Sidney A. Foster, secretary of the Royal Union Life Insurance Company, put in form a sentiment

that he has used at the head of the printed forms of the Royal Union, until it has appeared millions of times on the literature of the company. The sentiment is this: "In all that is good, Iowa affords the best." He placed the sentiment there because he believed it was, and it is, true. This insurance company is organized on the same lines as the other standard level premium or old line companies of the country, with the further advantage of location to get the highest rates of interest on the money invested by its patrons, and the



GEN. JOHN R. PRIME,
Auditor Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Company.

peculiar laws controlling this class of investment by old line companies organized in Iowa; adopted by the Iowa legislature in 1867, from the National banking law, which provides for the redemption of the circulating medium of such banks, fixes absolute safety as well as profit to the policy-holder.

Under the circumstances this motto is justified and the success of the company in gaining representative strength and patronage from the Eastern States, shows that Iowa, in the East, is appreciated, at least in this particular line.

Iowa people will enlarge their appreciation of this motto and the company, if they will only take the pains to investigate. They will find that the motto is true as they already know, and the company is of their own people, and by their own people, for Iowa prominence, Iowa prosperity, and for Iowa's continued supremacy.

The Royal Union is officered by Ex-Gov. Frank D. Jackson, President; Sidney A. Foster, Secretary; Gen. John R. Prime, Auditor; Gilbert B. Pray, Treasurer; Dr. J. T. Priestley, Medical Director. These gentlemen hold, to an exceptional degree, the confidence of the people of Iowa and the Midland region.

Situated and managed as the company is, it is not surprising that the Insurance Year Book for 1897 should show that the Royal Union stood next to the top, and in 1898, *first and foremost* among all the old-line life companies of the United States, in the rate of interest and profits earned on its mean invested funds,—7.39 per cent. In consequence of its favorable location and management above referred to, the Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, on its ten-payment life policies maturing in 1897 and 1898, was enabled to return to the policy-holders a larger surplus on policies of the same age and kind than any other company doing business in the United States. On nineteen policies, insuring \$24,000, on which total premiums of \$13,505.20 was paid during the ten years, the company carried the insurance for ten years and returned to the policy-holders \$14,993.15, or \$1,487.95 more than total premiums paid.

In the reports of the thirty principal companies reported, it is shown that the average per cent of assets invested in mortgage loans is 41 per cent, while the Royal Union shows an investment in this class of securities of 75 per cent. The average per cent of expense to new business of these companies is 5.81, while that of the Royal Union is but 3.62 per cent. The average of



JAMES T. PRIESTLEY, M. D.,
Medical Director Royal Union Mutual Life.

asse's to liabilities is 112.40 per cent, while that of the Royal Union is 118.49. The average per cent of actual to expected death losses of the thirty companies is 75 per cent; in the Royal Union it was 59 per cent.

The Equitable Life of Iowa is the oldest life insurance company organized under Iowa laws, having commenced its business operations in 1867. It has never grown rapidly, but there has been steady progress and always in the direction of greater strength and stability. It is now recognized as a conservative institution, well managed and thoroughly reliable. Its assets are nearly two millions of dollars and its surplus a third of a million. Its motto is "Only the best is good enough," and it offers as good life insurance as can be found anywhere in this country. Good, because safe—made so by the deposit with the State Auditor of gilt-edged securities equal to all outstanding liabilities, to secure such liabilities, and because its means are ample. Good also, because cheap—made so by large dividends allowed to policy-holders.

A comparison of the report of this company for the past year, with the reports of more than twenty of the leading American life companies, shows that the rate of interest earned on its assets was 42 per cent higher than the average rate earned by the other companies.

It has just issued an entirely new policy, called the "Option" policy, which provides cash surrender values, loan values, paid-up insurance, etc., etc., and for annual dividends. These and the other policies offered by this company, are sufficiently liberal and broad in their provisions to suit any discriminating person.

It would be impossible for a policyholder to lose anything in this carefully managed company. His indemnity in case of death is certain—his investment as safe as it would be in bonds of the United States.

The deposit of the Equitable with the Auditor of State is as large as the total deposits in all the States of the Union, of the seven largest old-line companies. It never enters into litigation—but pays all losses promptly.

While it is essentially a Des Moines institution, still it belongs to the successful enterprises of the Middle-West and its agencies are already established in a number of other States, and are continually spreading out in all directions.

The United States Insurance Company, in the city of New York, of which Mr. Louis E. Spencer is Manager for Iowa and Nebraska, was organized in 1850, and is therefore one of the oldest life companies doing business in the United States. Forty-eight years of honorable straightforward dealing is the history of this company,—reliable, sound and successful through the wars, the panics and all the vicissitudes of those years. Never entering into the mad race for size, its main object has been reliability, soundness, greatest care in the investment of assets, its relative proportion of assets

to liabilities, together with prompt and equitable settlement of all just claims. In this respect the company's reputation is unequalled.

Nearly 90 per cent of death claims have been paid within thirty days after receipt of proofs, 88 per cent within ten days, and 74 per cent within five days.

The management of the company's finances are entrusted to its Finance Committee,—George G. Williams, Chairman, Vice-President of the Company and President of the Chemical National Bank of New York; E. H. Perkins, Jr., President Importers and



L. E. SPENCER,

Gen. Mgr. United States Ins. Co. for Iowa and Nebraska

Traders National Bank of New York, and John J. Tucker and James R. Plum, capitalists. No further assurance of safe and reliable investments and highest interest earnings need be stated. The United States Life is a mutual company, its profits going to the policy-holders.

The company's assets in 1850 were \$117,981; in 1860, \$701,482; in 1870, \$3,686,323; in 1880, \$4,998,174; in 1890, \$6,529,486, and in 1897, \$7,623,100,—slowly, steadily increasing along careful and well matured lines. The policy contracts of the company are unexcelled by any company in existence and are entirely free from harsh restrictions and technicalities.

The Odd Fellows' Annuity Association is based upon the theory that "insurance which costs beyond the needs of safety is an unjust burden," and that the "system is the best which combines safety with the minimum cost." Successful insurance is governed by the same laws which apply to every other successful business enterprise. That insurance is best and safest which is conducted on these principles.

The officers of this very successful institution are well-known business men whose names give stability and dignity to the association.

The Grand Secretary of the order, Wm. Musson, P. G. M., P. G. R., is President, John T. Genevay, G. P., is Vice-President; Chas. H. Baker, well known in life insurance circles, is the very efficient Secretary and Manager. Francis Geneser, President of the German Savings Bank, is Treasurer, and W. Van Werden, M. D., is Medical Director. The Odd Fellows' Annuity Association reports annually to the State of Iowa and Sovereign Grand Lodge of the World. It is a life association, composed exclusively of members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, their wives and daughters.

The amount of insurance in force at the present time exceeds ten millions of dollars, and it is steadily and rapidly increasing. The yearly income in premiums is over one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars.

It has never entered into litigation, and has paid two hundred thousand dollars in death claims.

The purely mutual plan of this association is a very important feature. Under its contracts it is managed by and in the interest of its members and, all profits and surplus belong to them.

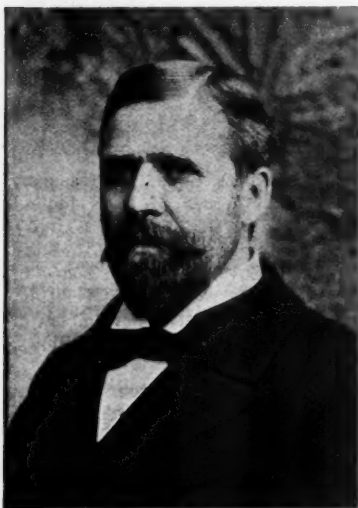
Under this mutual plan the members get their insurance at cost. This association is under a system founded upon a mathematical calculation broadly announcing the fundamental principle that is to control its members in the future and pay its death losses to the end in full.

It is unbiased, aggressive, independent, clean and truthful.

It is equitable, safe, liberal and prompt.

Every State in our beloved Union has its peculiar spirit and dominating purpose. Even as the several nations of Europe in matters industrial, commercial and social, we may find almost as distinct lines of demarcation in our State boundaries.

Thus, Iowa might be called the Holland of America. Aside from the fact



C. E. RAWSON,
President Des Moines Life Association.

that there is quite a sprinkling of Dutch and their descendants within the State, the spirit of rural probity is everywhere manifest.

In all her political history Iowa is practically without a scandal or defalcation. The bank failures, during the recent panic, did not create a ripple; in Des Moines not a single failure occurred. Confidence in the financial stability of her institutions finds ready expression in the magnificent success of Iowa's insurance companies, both fire and life. The statement is offered

that no people do so much business with their home insurance companies as do the people of Iowa. This supreme endorsement comes from an intimate knowledge of their stability and business habits, of the laws under which they operate, and the people who guide them on their careers of usefulness.

Iowa was the first State to enact a law governing that class of life insurance known as stipulated premium companies.

This was done to give the people an opportunity to buy life insurance at a cost commensurate with the service, and limit the expense of management, which has become most burdensome and extravagant with many prominent institutions.

This State has been followed measurably by New York and Ohio, yet there are some features of the Iowa law that commend it as superior to the laws of the above named States. The Iowa law is most definite and specific in its limitations as to expense charges, requiring the articles of incorporation, policies or notices to state what portion of each payment is to be used for expense purposes and what portion is to be used for mortuary and reserve purposes.

Availing itself of the peculiar advantages of this law, the Des Moines Life Association has built up a large and increasing business, both in Iowa and other States. Two-thirds of its business is in Iowa, and the gains from year to year in its home State attest its ever increasing popularity.

The plans of the association are such as to commend it to the best business intelligence of the country.

Its limited premium policies are models of equity and safety. The Des Moines Life uses the Actuaries' tables, with 4 per cent interest in making its rates, yet by the policy contract gives the assured the benefit of interest earnings beyond 4 per cent, and likewise gives the assured the benefit of all savings in the mortuary fund from a death rate below the Actuaries'

tables. These statements have more significance when it is asserted that companies not so restricted by law and contract are usually in the habit of transferring such savings to the expense fund and using them to swell the salary and commission account of the officers and agents. The millions thus transferred would shock the uninitiated were they but to study the official reports of some of the mammoth Eastern concerns.

While these things have been, and are now, the basis on which the insti-



MRS. U. E. RAWSON,
Secretary Des Moines Life Association.

tution rests, there is another and essential element in the make-up of the Des Moines Life, which the people of its home city know to have contributed in no small degree in bringing it to its present proud position among the staunch financial institutions of Iowa.

The officers of the Des Moines Life are among the most progressive, yet conservative, business men of Iowa.

President Rawson has a national reputation among insurance men as a manager of extraordinary capacity and demonstrated success, and yet from the

very initiative, when the Des Moines Life was in its swaddling clothes, there was at the helm, in the home office, one whose faithfulness and clear cut business methods shone with a peculiar and commanding lustre, and whose care has been most constant and alert over the moneys, investments and accounts of the association.

Mrs. Rawson, who reluctantly consented to permit her picture to appear in this issue of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, graces one of the most beautiful homes in Des Moines. She is prominent in the literary and social life of the city; she has traveled not a little, including a trip abroad during the summer of 1897.

Yet withal, she instituted a system of bookkeeping in the office of the Des Moines Life Association, as its Secretary, that is a marvel in its simplicity and comprehensiveness.

The examiners of the insurance departments of the several states have commended very highly the accuracy and completeness of the system and its practical workings.

Every day each department merges its figures into a report that shows the complete history brought down to the close of business hours. No bank, government, municipal or State office could show a more elaborate, and yet, condensed, statement of their affairs.

The prejudice against women in business is fast disappearing and Mrs. Rawson is not ambitious to pose as a business woman. She is happiest in the quiet retreat of her own home, with her own family, as wife, mother and neighbor, yet the figures that mark time for the progress of the Des Moines Life will not be silent, but speak eloquently of the master minds that laid so well the foundation, and watch with solicitous but confident interest, the gradual and symmetrical growth of this typical Iowa institution.

The growth of the past five years of the Des Moines Life is little less than remarkable, and speaks in high praise of the management of the company.

The surplus reserve deposited with State departments January 1, 1893, was \$34,050; January 1, 1898, it had increased to \$183,486.62, showing a net gain of \$149,436.62.

Amount of insurance in force January 1, 1893, \$6,219,500; amount in force January 1, 1898, \$15,349,750, a gain of \$9,130,250. Premium income during 1892, \$104,059.22; premium income during 1897, \$278,287.76, a net gain of \$174,228.54. Assets January 1, 1893, \$105,107.75; assets January 1, 1898, \$286,137.73, a gain of \$181,029.98.

The Chicago Life Association is a sterling and substantial company which began business March 7, 1896, and has enjoyed a steady growth from that time forward, each year more firmly establishing itself in the confidence of the public. It operates under what has been aptly termed the "Ideal System" of Stipulated Premium insurance, which meets the demands of business and professional men, as well as others in all walks of life. It was incorporated by over one hundred of the most prominent capitalists, bankers, business and professional men of Des



C. H. MARTIN,
Treasurer Chicago Life Association.

Moines, Chicago, Davenport, Rock Island and other leading cities in Iowa and Illinois. It is in every respect a modern life insurance company, its plans essentially differing along modern lines, from those of any other company in the field, and will stand the closest investigation from insurance experts. Its chief purpose is to furnish absolute protection at a reasonable cost, to a carefully selected class, in the most healthful regions, thus insuring a lower mortality or death rate than could be secured from a membership taken promiscuously from all classes of individuals. The management is ultra-conservative, and every possible care is taken to jealously guard the interests of the policy-holders.

In brief, some of the general features of the Chicago Life are: Sufficient leveled or equated rates; short and simple policy contracts; payment of half the face of all policies in case of total disability; liberal provisions for surrender values; convertibility and incontestability of policies; and contracts free from the usual lengthy catalogue of petty restrictions. Its Ordinary Life policy cannot be excelled



E. D. SAMSON,
President Chicago Life Association.

by any company in the land, its rates being so adjusted as to ensure a saving of over 50 per cent over the old-fashioned and unreasonable premiums of some other companies. Its securities are all deposited with the State Auditor under the Iowa law, and if at any time its reserve becomes greater than necessary for the purpose for which it was created, the surplus will be distributed among the policy-holders. It has different forms of policies, all highly popular with the insuring public.

The growth of the Chicago Life has surprised its most sanguine friends. During the eight months of the current year ending August 31st, it made the following gains: Insurance in force, 37 per cent; admitted assets, 38 per cent; surplus, 35 per cent; State deposits, 240 per cent. It now has a surplus of over \$16,000, and State deposits amounting to \$6,800. All this has been accomplished in a little over two years, under a conservative management, and while the volume of its business might have been greatly increased by doubtful methods, the managers have thought best to build slowly and surely, and today it has as clean and as desirable a

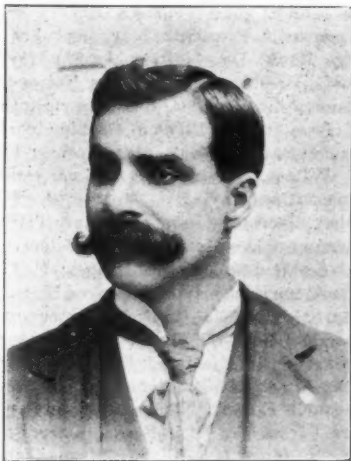


DR. C. D. RAWSON,
Medical Director Chicago Life Association.

volume of business on its books as any company in the West.

The officers of the Chicago Life are sufficient evidence of its stability and reliability. Its President, E. D. Samson, is the Vice-President and local manager of the New England Loan and Trust Company, and one of the ablest financiers in the West. Its Vice-President, G. B. Shaw, is a life insurance man of long experience, having had a schooling in some of the oldest and best companies in the country. Its Secretary, H. P. Baker, is one of the most widely known business men in Iowa, having been for years the State traveling manager of the Singer Manufacturing Company. Its Treasurer, C. H. Martin, is cashier of the Peoples' Savings Bank, of this city, and is regarded as one of the ablest and brightest young men in banking circles in the West. C. D. Rawson, its Medical Director, is a leading physician of this city, and stands high in his profession. F. W. Paschal and A. C. Parker, Directors, rank among the able lawyers of the Capital City.

This is a brief sketch of one of the most prosperous life insurance associa-



H. P. BAKER,
Secretary Chicago Life Association.

tions in the West. It is incorporated both in Iowa and Illinois, and will extend its field as fast as safety and good business judgment will warrant. It is generally regarded by even its most active rivals in business as a model insurance company, and has earned and received the confidence and good will of the public.

The Northwestern Life and Savings Company is among the younger institutions of Des Moines, and is remarkable, not only for its methods, which present some entirely new features and are peculiar to itself, but also for its most phenomenal growth. When large undertakings are launched they generally require the test of time added to various other advantages, before they can win such a place in commercial life that they are universally recognized as reliable financial institutions.

This company, possessing all the other elements necessary for success, has achieved it, and in such a pronounced and satisfactory manner that honor has come to it in the days of its youth.

Organized less than two and one-half years ago, it has already become a great corporation, commanding the confidence and respect of the public. It has apparently solved the problem how to secure absolute safety with the largest possible amount of profit, and claims to have originated the best plan for the saving of small deposits yet presented to the public.

Having been organized under the laws of Iowa, which govern the business operations of old-line insurance companies, it has securities deposited with the Auditor of State sufficient to cover all liabilities to policy-holders, so that, no matter what contingencies may arise, they can sustain no loss.

It offers to its patrons a combination of life insurance with investment—something entirely new and very attractive. The policies are called shares and are written for a term of ten years old.

That those in moderate circumstances may share in its advantages, premiums may be paid annually, semi-annually, quarterly, or even monthly. Each share has a guaranteed value at maturity which, together with the proceeds from the reserve and savings fund, will constitute the value of the share at the expiration of ten years. Every share carries with it a certain stated amount of life insurance for the first five years, which is doubled during the second five years. If death occurs, the beneficiary may either withdraw the insurance or take a paid-up policy for an amount definitely stated in the contract. Should the insured be unable to pay after the first two annual payments have been made, a policy due at the end of the endowment period will be given for the full amount such policyholder has contributed to the reserve fund.

The company is composed of gentlemen of the highest financial standing. The following representative business men are the officers and trustees:

Arthur Reynolds, President; J. H. Owen, Vice-President; G. W. Marquardt, Treasurer; C. C. Crowell, Secretary, and F. H. Nichols, Assistant Secretary. The Trustees are G. W. Marquardt, President Marquardt Savings Bank, Des Moines; Arthur Reynolds, President Des Moines National Bank; John Herriott, Treasurer State of Iowa; G. D. Ellyson, Cashier Marquardt Savings Bank, Des Moines; D. F. Witter, President Iowa Loan and Trust Company, Des Moines; J. H. Blair, Secretary Iowa Loan and Trust Company, Des Moines; C. L. Gilcrest, wholesale lumber, Des Moines; F. C. Macartney, proprietor Kirkwood House, Des Moines; N. E. Coffin, attorney, Des Moines; J. H. Owen, ex-President Charles City National Bank, Charles City, Iowa; M. M. Reynolds, Cashier Guthrie County National Bank, Pandora, Iowa; W. L. Eaton, attorney, Osage, Iowa; J. B. Tinker, Mason City, Iowa; C. C. Crowell, Charles City, Iowa; F. H. Nichols, Des Moines.

With such a strong management to direct its affairs, the continued success of this company is assured. It has made a name and a place for itself among the great institutions of the West and merits the recognition and credit due to every enterprise which has established itself through its own superior excellence

The accident insurance business is well represented in Des Moines, where the companies are fast supplanting the older companies from the East which have been covering the territory for many years.

The Iowa State Traveling Men's Association is a large, successful and well managed company, but confines its business entirely to traveling men.

In the general field the Banker's Accident Insurance Company is leading every company in the State, having more Iowa business than any other company, either foreign or domestic. It is also rapidly growing and branching out into the Midland States, and establishing agencies in all the larger cities like Denver, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Detroit and Indianapolis.

The success of this company is not an accident. It is chiefly due to the fact that its active officers are successful and practical insurance men, who brought experience and a knowledge of the business into the organization of the company. As a consequence the company took high rank from the start.

The plans of the company are unique and different from every other accident company. The paying of dividends during the current year is something almost unheard of in this business, and quite a surprise to those fortunate members who have remained with the company during its first five years. The company charges ample premiums to carry the risks in force and provide an adequate emergency fund for anything extraordinary. The balance is returned annually, after five years, to the persistent policy-holders, to reduce the cost of their insurance, making it

an object for them to remain with the company and saving them the agent's renewal fees.

The active officers are H. B. Hawley, President, and W. E. Statler, Secretary. While the company's business is large in the home state, and even in its home city (where a prophet is usually without honor), the officers ask for no business except on the merits of the company. They instruct agents to solicit business in no other way. Believing in "the survival of the fittest," they ask for no favors except as the company is worthy of confidence and patronage and can return favors by giving value received.

The State Insurance Company, of Des Moines, has attained to the dignity and importance which necessarily attaches to a prosperous institution of many years standing. Age is one of the elements which goes to make stability. An enterprise which has stood the test of years, steadily gaining ground all the time, is one which will generally bear the closest investigation.

This company was organized over thirty-three years ago and has enjoyed a long and successful career, justly winning for itself a high place among the most substantial institutions of its kind in the West. It confines its business exclusively to Iowa and enjoys, in a marked degree, the confidence and hearty endorsement of those citizens who have been benefited by it, and of all others who appreciate a thoroughly reliable home enterprise.

At the present time it has a cash capital of \$100,000—its total assets amount to nearly \$400,000, and its net surplus is over \$100,000.

The magnificent proportions of the business of this company may be inferred from the fact that during the thirty-three years of its existence it has paid to its policy-holders over \$300 for every working day of the entire period, the total amount reaching the enormous sum of \$3,200,000. This amount has covered loss and damage

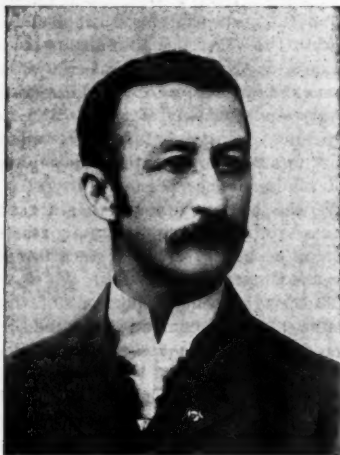
caused by fire, lightning and windstorms.

The management of the company has been conducted along economical, conservative lines. Its dealings with its patrons have always been characterized by fairness and liberality. Its losses have been equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

The officers are men who are honored and respected in business circles—their names alone being a sufficient guarantee of the high character and financial standing of the company.

J. H. Windsor, a prominent capitalist, who has been for many years connected with the packing house interests of Des Moines, is the President; H. A. Elliott, identified with several banks, is Vice-President; T. F. Grefe is Secretary and has been connected with the company for over seventeen years; Simon Casady, President of the Des Moines Savings Bank, is Treasurer.

In 1879, Mr. Theo F. Gatchel, the present Secretary of the Des Moines Insurance Company, came to Des Moines from Washington, D C. He has been prominently identified with



W. R. WARFIELD,
President Des Moines Insurance Company.



THEO. F. GATCHEL,
Secretary Des Moines Insurance Company.

many of the great business enterprises of the city, and is known as a bright business man, honorable and reliable in his dealings. Any project planned by him has always met with the hearty co-operation and financial backing of substantial business men. In 1880, Mr. Gatchel, with P. M. Casady, Geo. A. Wright, Galusha Parsons, W. E. Andrews, H. R. Creighton and J. G. Berryhill, organized the Des Moines Insurance Company; money for this purpose having been advanced by these gentlemen.

Its object originally was to insure against loss or damage by windstorms only. It is said to be an historical fact that it was the first company organized in the world for this class of business. It was the pioneer company to furnish indemnity against storms, and thus became the originator of what has grown to be one of the largest departments of insurance.

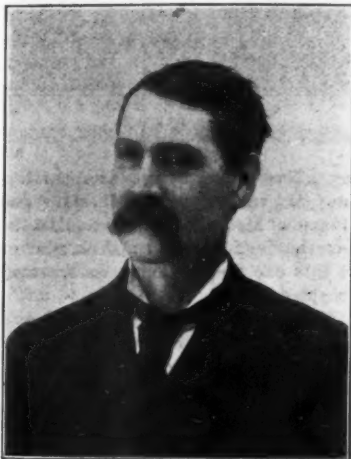
The first officers were Galusha Parsons, President, and Theo F. Gatchel, Secretary and Manager.

When the company started, it had no opposition in its line, but not long after the legislatures of the States of New

York and Massachusetts enacted laws permitting their fire insurance companies to add tornado insurance to the liability assumed by them, and nearly all fire companies followed their example, thus forcing the Des Moines Insurance Company to reorganize for the purpose of writing fire insurance.

In 1881 it entered the field as a stock company, with ex-Gov. Samuel Merrill, J. G. Rounds, W. E. Andrews, J. J. Towne, S. A. Robertson and others as stockholders. The officers of the new organization were Governor Merrill, President, and Theo F. Gatchel, Secretary.

The Des Moines Insurance Company has confined its business to Iowa, and by its name and interests has been closely identified with the city of Des Moines. Its growth has been steady and its resources at all times sufficient and available for its needs, as it conspicuously demonstrated by the readiness with which it met the emergency of the Pomeroy cyclone, July 6, 1893. This event, by which the company lost over \$40,000 in a minute's time, occurred during the worst financial panic in the history of the United States,—



C. H. AINLEY,
Vice-President Des Moines Insurance Co.



WM. L. REED,
Counsel Des Moines Insurance Co.

when no bank would part with a dollar, — but the Des Moines Insurance Company sent its adjusters to Pomeroy and its vicinity and adjusted and paid every dollar of its great loss, the largest loss ever paid in Iowa by any company, and the largest tornado loss, up to that date, ever paid by any company in the world. About one hundred policyholders, whose property was destroyed in this great storm, joined in a complimentary letter to the company; the mayor and city council, and also the relief committee appointed by the Governor, all united in strongest words of praise and approbation of the great work of the Des Moines Insurance Company during the days of desolation, when the whole State was appalled at the great loss of life and property by the most severe storm in Iowa's history.

The history of this company can be recited briefly by the statement that it has gathered up, from time to time, small amounts of money, and when accident and misfortune has overtaken its policy-holders, has paid it promptly to the victims of such calamity, in this

way distributing the burden of loss and banishing the specter of ruin. The Pomeroy tornado was a most striking illustration of this fact

The company has always enjoyed the confidence of the public, because of its financial standing, the prompt payment of its losses, and the equitable treatment of its patrons.

Since its organization it has received over \$2,000,000 in premiums, and has paid out over \$1,000,000 in losses.

In 1895, Governor Merrill removed to California, resigning the Presidency. He was succeeded by J. G. Rounds, who was also President of the Citizens' National Bank. Not being able to devote the necessary time and attention to the increased business of the company, he resigned, and in March, 1898, W. R. Warfield was elected President. Mr. Warfield was for many years a member of the whole sale grocery firm of Warfield-Howell-Watt Company, of Des Moines, and brings to the company exceptional ability and experience as a business man. He devotes his entire time to the business of the company, taking charge of its collections, loans investments and real estate.

The unbounded confidence which the people of the State have had in this company during its past history gives it a splendid standing for greater work in the future.

The Town Mutual Fire Insurance Association was organized in 1892, for the purpose of furnishing reliable insurance at cost to its members.

Six years of successful business life has fully demonstrated its ability to do what was contemplated at the time of organization.

This company is unique because of the fact that it stands alone in its special line. It insures town and city dwelling-house property exclusively, and is the only company in the United States which confines its business to this class of risks. Only preferred risks being assumed and these hedged about with every safe-guard calculated

to prevent excessive loss in any one locality, it has been able to furnish insurance to its members at a minimum cost.

It is purely coöperative in character, every person insured becoming a member, entitled to every advantage and having a voice in all the affairs of the company.

Although only six years old, it has at the present time 12,500 members and \$10,000,000 of risks in force, and has carried these risks at a cost of but \$5 for each \$1,000, for the entire period.

The success of this association is due very largely to the energy and untir-



C. E. HARSH,
Secretary and Gen'l Mgr. Town Mutual Fire Ins. Ass'n.

ing efforts of its officers, and particularly its very efficient Secretary and Manager, Mr. C. E. Harsh, and to the fact that none but selected risks, even in this one particular class, are ever accepted.

The officers and directors of this association are: President, C. J. Anderson, Lenox; Vice-President, Ed. N. Kitchen, Mt. Pleasant; Secretary, C. E. Harsh, Des Moines; Treasurer, Levi Lewis, Victor; Directors, R. J. Young, Oelwein; J. H. Vroom, Waterloo; C. N. Cadwell, Logan; F. E. Gordon, Sac City; J. C. Baker, Emmetsburg; Miles

Bradford, Washington; W. C. Betts, Casey; G. W. Hartley, Marcus; A. W. Green, Spencer; W. H. Golly, Zearing; Wm. Mather, Springdale.

Of the many insurance companies having home offices in Des Moines, the Iowa Mutual Tornado Association deserves special mention, being the largest company in Iowa, and probably in the United States which confines its business within one state. The risks in force at the present time amount to over \$55,000,000; the gain during the



J. B. HERRIMAN,
Secretary and Manager Iowa Mutual Tornado Ass'n.

current year having been over \$7,000,000.

The prompt and satisfactory settlement of claims, together with the reliability and cheapness of insurance is the cause of the great prosperity of the association.

The cost of insurance for the past fifteen years has averaged about fifty cents each year for every \$1,000 issued.

The association has paid over \$20,000 in losses the present year and more than \$125,000 since organization.

The membership of the association is about 50,000 and includes many of the public men of Iowa.

The association could pay losses to the amount of over \$50,000 with an assessment of only one mill.

This institution is certainly well managed and deserving of the confidence of those desiring insurance in this line. It furnishes insurance at actual cost and the actual cost is exceedingly small when apportioned among such a large membership.

The following are the officers and directors of this successful institution:

President, A. N. Buckman, Harlan; Vice-President, A. J. Graves, Ames; Secretary, J. B. Herriman, Des Moines; Treasurer, James Yuill, Cedar Rapids; Adjuster, J. H. Vroom, Waterloo; Executive Committee, A. N. Buckman, Harlan, C. J. Anderson, W. D. Forbes; Directors, Miles Bradford, C. H. Payne, John Steinman, J. A. Swallow, William Mather,, J. C. Baker, N. Densmore, R. J. Young.

The Farmers Mutual Hail Association is strictly a farmers' association. It was organized for the purpose of insuring its members against loss or damage to growing crops by hail within the limits of the State of Iowa.

It is a purely mutual institution, and its popularity among farmers may be inferred from the fact that, while it began its business operations only five years ago, it has at the present time over 14,000 of the best farmers of the State as members.

It has carried the insurance of its members at an average cost of six cents per acre, and has fully demonstrated its ability to carry out to the letter every one of its agreements.

The entire business management and control of the association is in the hands of its own members for their mutual protection and benefit, and it is therefore possible for each one to secure this protection at actual cost.

Its work is spreading, and under the direction of its board of directors and its most efficient officers, its continued prosperity and usefulness is assured.

THE LITTLE PLACE AT HOME.

I suppose it hasn't altered, the little place at home; —

*There's the well-sweep, there's the dairy, there's the doorstep just the
same.*

*Only mother's gone! And strangers would not know me should I come
Through the twilight to the old place; maybe wouldn't know my name.*



*The white lilacs by the window,— leafless in the wintry day —
But I knew those plumes of sweetness wooing to the May-time bees.
They will bloom again to-morrow as they bloomed but yesterday —
And the dear old apple orchard shows the same dear rows of trees.*



*It is still the old place, only not a soul I used to know
Lives in that sweet bit of Eden; — some are gone across the sea;
Some are safe in God's fair heaven — went there years and years ago;
Some are only pauper-rich men, heaping silver up like me,*



*With a memory of the old place, tugging at them in their dreams,—
With a hunger for the old place, and the boyish hearts they had
When the sunshine did not reach them fitfully in fading gleams,
When they had their home with mother, and were young and poor
and glad.*

Margaret E. Sangster.

A BURTON EPISODE.

BY H. C. VERNON.

I NEVER knew a family which made history so fast as ours. I say it feelingly. Our condition may be diagnosed as chronic crisis. This has its advantages for the good people of our town. At receptions and afternoon teas, when conversation languishes, one has simply to say, "What have the Burtons been doing lately?" and behold! the fountains of anecdote are unsealed, and the rivers of wit and humor run merrily to the sea. On the other hand, this epoch-making tendency is not always so pleasant for the family itself. (Romance sometimes has its drawbacks for those directly involved.) Tragedy alternates with farce, and heart-break with peals of laughter. But, after all, it is *life*, boiled down and thoroughly flavored; and there is a good deal in that.

It is a small thing that my father was a California forty-niner, who later was inveigled into Mormonism and the Utah Territory, and afterwards escaped at the risk of his life from the tentacles of Brigham Young, and made his way to the effete East, even to Boston. It is a drop in the bucket that my mother had nineteen proposals and five engagements—two of them contemporaneous—and finally ran away from boarding-school to settle down in lasting bliss with the rolling stone aforesaid. It is perfectly natural that my eldest brother should have made a voyage to the Arctic Ocean at the tender age of twelve, and shaken hands with Esquimaux and polar bears galore. It is perhaps a little odd that my sister Madge, through early marriage and a step-daughter, older than herself, should have become a doting grandmother at twenty. And my sweet sister Elsie, in the hackneyed but immortal rôle of pretty governess, has had experiences which would make a three-volume novel.

But my own recent adventures are naturally peculiarly interesting to me; and though they fill but a modest place in the Burton annals, I am inclined to think they would be voted exceptional by the world at large.

A year ago, the women's club of our town, of which I am an unworthy member, decided to investigate the perennial Domestic Service question. They appointed a committee, and in a fit of temporary aberration made me the head thereof. A year was to be allowed for exhaustive study of the subject in all its aspects, and then a report was to be made.

Now, as oldest daughter of a large family, whose means were approximately small, I had had a thorough and varied experience of housework. I had also taken my turn at superintending the remarkable succession of Marys who had held sway in our kitchen; sometimes English Mary, more often Highland Mary (from Nova Scotia), but usually Mary of Emerald nationality and condition. Yet I had never generalized on the facts. I didn't feel a bit like generalizing now. But I began to think it would be novel and interesting to look into the matter from a different point of view. And my heritage of adventurousness awoke within me.

Therefore, at our first committee-meeting, having listened respectfully to the various methods of research proposed, I said:

"Ladies, I am sorry to disappoint you. But I never was a student. Domestic service, as a science, is too lofty for me. There is, however, one way in which I may be of aid to you. I do like first principles. I enjoy getting down to hard pan; even when, as in the present instance, it is tin pan. So I have decided to go into domestic service in the concrete, leaving you to

pursue it in the abstract. I will become, for the next few months, a maid of all work. I will myself wield the poker and the kettle, the dish-mop and the flatiron. My soup shall be cream of cookery, my main course the course of the scrubbing-brush, my entrée the back entry, and my dessert a clean calico gown, a white apron and a chat with the girl next door."

Cries of consternation burst from my associates. "You don't mean it! You wouldn't do such a thing!"

"One more Burton episode," whispered Fanny Sniggers to Mary Meekins.

I assured them, however, that I did mean it. And I said, "Yes, Fanny; even so." But no further revelation of my designs did I make at that time.

That very evening it chanced that my mother read me a letter from an old friend and schoolmate of hers, a Mrs. Haskell. This lady lived in a neighboring State, and the two had not met for several years. But they had always been warmly attached to each other, and had kept up a desultory correspondence. In the course of the letter in question, Mrs. Haskell bewailed the coming loss by marriage of her invaluable Hannah, the maid of all work, who had been her standby for many placid years.

"What luck!" I exclaimed, and thereupon confided to my astonished parent my interesting scheme, and begged her to recommend me, under a suitable name, to Mrs. Haskell. Elsie was now at home, and I could be spared for awhile.

"And you expect me to countenance such imposture!" cried my mother. "To say nothing of a hundred other considerations!"

"You forget, mother dear, that it is all in the cause of science. Think what light it may throw on a great sociological problem! And we can explain everything to Mrs. Haskell afterwards."

Mother always was the jolliest of confidantes, and on this occasion she laughed till she cried. Then she spent

a solid hour pointing out the impossibilities of my plan. Then she entered on a cordial consideration of ways and means, and wound up by becoming quite as enthusiastic as myself, and twice as impatient.

Our home was accustomed to witness not only new departures, but speedy ones. The next day, mother and I rummaged over our last summer's collection of gingham and cambric gowns, took sundry stitches and wrote various notes. I also packed a small tin trunk. On the following morning, leaving my confederate's quick wits to make such explanations as the notes did not cover, I set out to achieve my destiny. I was modestly attired, and bore with me a graceful letter of recommendation from mother, in which I figured as one Sarah Jones. We had decided that I must be an American girl, as I never could do anything at dialect.

My trip on the train occupied several hours, and as I drew near my journey's end my heart began to thump uncomfortably.

"Courage, Sarah Jones," I said to myself sternly. "Act well your part. You are embarked in as choice a theatrical enterprise as the most ambitious could desire."

I found on inquiry that Mrs. Haskell lived in a large, old-fashioned country place on the outskirts of the town of Newnham. Leaving my trunk at the station, I walked demurely to the house, asked for its mistress, and presented my letter.

Fortune favored the brave. Hannah had left the day before, and Mrs. Haskell was not fond of doing her own work. The recommendation from her old friend was decisive, though it led to questions which would have been difficult to answer had I not anticipated most of them and spent a large part of my journey in composing suitable replies. So I passed my examination and was definitely engaged at four dollars a week, with a "day out" once a fortnight, and every other Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Haskell was extremely dignified, though kind

and I saw that I must never fail to "know my place."

"Alas," I thought, as I was shown about the big, lonely kitchen, "I shall be a regular Robinson Crusoe! I *must* have some one to talk to."

My mistress' measured tones interrupted my soliloquy. "I do not think you will find the work hard, as there are only Mr. Haskell and myself in the family, and we live very quietly. Our hired man, John, will build your kitchen fires. He sleeps in the stable, but will have his meals here with you."

I gave an inward start. I had always been democratic in my tastes, but somehow I had not looked forward to hobnobbing with a hired man. However, I had not much leisure for dismay, for I was soon left to my new duties, and there was supper to get, as the Haskell family still clung to old New England ways and meals.

Bye and bye the back door opened. A stalwart man walked coolly in and proceeded to the sink, where he began to pump with all his might.

"Good afternoon," he said cheerily.

"Good afternoon," I echoed faintly.

"I suppose you're the new girl," he went on unabashed.

"Yes," I murmured.

"Well, I hope you'll like the place. And what am I to call you?"

"Sarah."

"Well, Sarah, my name is John, and if there is anything I can do to help you get accustomed to things, just let me know."

"I'm sure that's kind," I said, a little surprised. Then I busied myself about the room, casting furtive glances at my novel associate, who continued to pump as if his life depended on it.

He was a tall, well-built man, in very old clothes. He was minus coat and vest. His colored cotton shirt was worn and faded, and bore a patch of decidedly different complexion on one sleeve.

But that was nothing to the patches which adorned his trousers, and those manly habiliments, once presumably black, were now yellow with age. His

shoes were cracked and grimy. I was relieved to see that he looked fairly clean, and that his face, while plain, was neither coarse nor vicious.

"Why do you pump so much?" I ventured to inquire.

"Oh, there's a big tank at the top of the house, and I have to pump for half an hour every night and morning to fill it." He gave a last tremendous push and went out.

Later, while the family were at supper, I struggled with the problem of serving this barn-yard Hercules, and came to the simple conclusion of giving him his meals by himself. So, when I had removed the food from the dining-room, I arranged it neatly upon the kitchen table, set a single place and called him.

He sat down with rather an amused air, I thought, but happily made no comment. He ate enormously, and I wondered if he was ever going to stop. I noticed with relief that his hands were quite clean, and that there was nothing especially obnoxious about his table manners. I kept very busy, and was glad when he left promptly at the end of the meal. Then I partook of my lowly portion, half laughing and half crying at the extraordinary position into which my own audacity had led me.

By degrees I became accustomed to my new life, and found it not wholly unpleasant. Mrs. Haskell, though precise and distant, was just and kind; her husband I rarely saw. My work, when I had once gotten the run of it, was not excessive, and was both wholesome and varied. Of course I felt the confinement, the being tied down to other people's hours and habits; and my menial station would have been bitter indeed if I had not regarded it as one gigantic masquerade. I found that the crucifixion of snobbishness is one thing in theory, and quite another when it means the acceptance of humble positions; and I gained a practical sympathy with the rank and file of working people which I hope will stay by me forever.

It was spring, and I was healthy, sanguine and twenty-five; moreover, I was not without my recreations; a whiff of early morning air in the door-yard, an afternoon hour in the orchard, a twilight stroll down the long back avenue, a friendly book in my neat kitchen when the day's work was over and the lamplight fell on my new red tablecloth and low splint chair.

But I was intolerably lonely. "The girl next door" proved but a figment of the imagination. The house was set far back from the road, and at a considerable distance from its neighbors on either side. No enterprising fellow-worker came to investigate Mrs. Haskell's new maid; and my own passion for exploration had sated itself for the present. But a few formal words with my mistress, and an exchange of daily greetings with the hired man, were starvation diet to a lively young woman, accustomed to the free and varied intercourse of a large family and a sociable town. I had made up my mind to stay six months; but many a time I came within an ace of throwing up the whole thing. If it had not been for mother's letters I am sure I should have done so. They were at once prods and caresses.

One night in particular, the silence in the kitchen seemed to stifle me. I had had one of those exasperating days when everything seems to go wrong, and was tired and demoralized. I was re-reading my favorite novel, *Les Misérables*, which I had brought with me (in translation), and over its sympathetic pages I laid my discouraged head and cried.

I had been indulging in this luxury for about fifteen minutes, when the door opened and John walked in. I hastily averted my face and assumed all the dignity I could command at such short notice. But he came over to the table and said, in a remarkably gentle voice:

"What is it? Can't I help you?"

I didn't dare trust my voice to answer. He glanced at my book.

"Ah!" he cried, "you like this?"

"Why," I exclaimed, facing about in my surprise, "have you read it?"

"Yes," he replied; "it was lent me by my old employer. I think it's a magnificent book."

Would you believe it? I was so glad to find somebody who could talk to me about one of my own real interests, that I actually encouraged him to give me his opinions, and kept him talking there for an hour and a half. And I was more and more astonished, he talked so well. When at last he bade me good-night, there was no mistaking the compassion of his tone.

"Well," I said to myself afterwards, "this is a pretty position. To be dependent on the pity of the hired man! And you really enjoyed him, too, Mildred Burton, you know you did. I suppose a Dogberry would seem to you an oracle, in this desert island of a place. O propinquity, what follies are committed through thy spell!"

But for all that, life at Mrs. Haskell's had begun to have a new flavor for me, and I waited for his appearance the next morning with positive anticipation.

The summer which followed was the most trying time I ever had. If the first few weeks of my experiment had been stagnation, the next three months were storm and whirlwind. Every day I depended more on John's society. We took our meals together, he sat with me evenings, he was always ready to assist me in a thousand little ways. Every day his manner to me became more attentive, more unmistakable. Every day I thought him more manly, more intelligent, more courteous. Every day I called myself a fool, trying to keep in sight his inevitable limitations of outlook and refinement, trying to realize what blight and grief must come to any growing woman who should allow herself to accept the narrow bounds of his condition. There was one perfectly simple solution of the whole matter: to give up my place and go home. But that, to my consternation I could not bring myself to do. Under the

steady routine of my work, my days went on in alternate fright and joy, enthusiasm and self-disgust.

One night I had been lying long awake, tossing restlessly to and fro, when I thought I smelled smoke. My room was over the kitchen, and it was thence that the odor seemed to come. I jumped up, slipped on a wrapper, and ran hastily downstairs. As I opened the kitchen door, a volume of smoke poured out, choking and blinding me. I retreated hastily upstairs, hurried to the front part of the house, roused Mrs. Haskell—her husband was away, in New York—and then rushed out to the stable and pounded on John's door.

"Wake up! Wake up!" I shouted. "The house is afire!"

It seemed as if that man never would hear me. His sleeping and eating powers were certainly well-matched. At last I heard a "What?" and a sudden spring.

"Quick!" I screamed "The house is on fire."

"All right," he cried reassuringly. "I'll be there in a minute."

I hastened back to the house, and he was at the kitchen door almost as soon as I. But the smoke staggered him, as it had me. Stepping to the outside of the nearest window, he knocked in a pane with his fist, turned the lock, and threw up the sash. Luckily there were two large windows on the opposite side of the room, as it was situated in the ell. He ran around the house and opened these in the same way. As he met me again in the door, a sudden shriek rang out from within. Hestrod into the kitchen, snatching up as he did so a heavy horse-blanket which he had brought from the stable.

The smoke was beginning to clear away. One corner of the room was all ablaze, and—O, horror! Mrs. Haskell, coming in by the other door, had ventured too near with a well-meant water pitcher, and a tongue of fire had caught her cotton wrapper and run up it like a living thread. It happened in a flash. John was before me. Leaping between

the flames and the terrified woman, he threw his horse-blanket around her and in an instant she was saved. As she sank half-fainting on my shoulder, he stepped to the sink, pulled out the big dish pan, pumped it full in what seemed almost no time, and hurled its contents against the blazing wall. Again and again the great pan poured its gallons into the corner, and in less time than it takes to tell it, we were standing in darkness, smoke and pools of water, and the danger was over.

It may seem to you a slight affair, but it was serious enough for me. And if it hadn't been for John, I fancy it would have been altogether too serious for all.

We found out afterward that the fire started from some oiled rags which were shut up in a closet, and ignited from spontaneous combustion. But we didn't care much about that then. As soon as Mrs. Haskell had assured herself that the flames were extinguished, she resumed the dignity which clothed her as a garment, and vanished upstairs for still further reinforcements in the wardrobe line. Doubtless I ought to have gone too, but I didn't. I stood leaning against the table, trembling and unnerved, while John lighted the lamp. Then my knight of the dishpan took me into his arms and I—stayed there. I didn't care. It was literally all for love and the world well lost.

"Now, I suppose the masquerade may end," he said a little latter. "And I shall soon know your lovely name."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh," he said, "Do you really think Sarah Joneses read *Les Miserables*, and hum Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words*, over the ironing, and speak the purest of English, and have such distracting little pearls of finger-nails?"

"But," I protested feebly, "You read *Les Miserables* and speak good English."

"Yes, darling," he said, looking down at me with deep, tender, laughing eyes, "Two can play at your game. But the comedy is over for me also. Now I must go back to my Social Science Club and present my report."

Woman's Club Department.

BY HARRIET C. TOWNER.

THE STUDY OF SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

When one stops to think of it, the growing interest of women in public questions is marked. During the last few years, while the "new woman" and the women's club have been regarded by the newspaper paragrapher as his legitimate prey, women in every part of our land have been learning to *think* upon questions which, although of vital importance to themselves and those dear to them, have hitherto been considered quite beyond their province. That this thinking has been done to some purpose is manifested by the intelligent and valuable thought contributed by many women's clubs to the discussion of civic and economic problems. The Chicago Women's Club adopted last year the plan of uniting the six departments of the club into what is known as "The United Study Class" for the study of sociological questions. This plan was so successful that the united study class will continue its work this year, and will have for a central topic, "The Needs of a Great City," the program to include a thorough and comparative study of successful results in various municipalities. In many other localities municipal problems are being discussed by club women. In August the Des Moines Women's Club held a called meeting for the discussion of municipal ownership of the waterworks plant of that city, with a view to voting intelligently on the question; Iowa women being allowed to vote upon all municipal questions involving taxes. Both sides of the question were carefully presented and the discussion was dignified and earnest. Such discussion marks a distinct step forward in the club movement. Not that it is wise

for any club to spend its entire time in the study of social and economic problems, any more than for a woman to devote her entire time to study, to the exclusion of other duties, but, whether she admits it or not, every woman has a public work and duty which is the expansion of her personal work and duty in the home, and for this she must be prepared. There is truth, though he puts it harshly, in Ruskin's statement "There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it; not in that you have provoked it, but that you have not hindered. There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the world but the guilt of it lies lastly with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy in their own struggle, but men are feeble in sympathy and contracted in hope; it is you only who can feel the depth of pain and conceive the way of its healing." Ruskin goes on to say that instead of doing this women turn away from it, shutting themselves within their park walls and garden gates, "content to know there is beyond a whole world in wilderness." Happily, this is no longer true; the "park walls and garden gates" are no longer closed and she who lives within is slowly, but with firm and even steps, penetrating the wilderness.

BEAUTIFYING PUBLIC SCHOOLROOMS.

The movement to bring good art into the public schools, and to make more attractive the schoolrooms, is one in which every mother should be interested. The memory of his school environment follows the child through life, influencing him in a thousand subtle ways. Softly tinted walls, with

an intelligent arrangement of suitable casts and good pictures, has a refining influence upon the child nature beyond computation. The "tulip leaf" green, which has been selected after many experiments as the proper tint for the walls of rooms where children study because of its effect upon the eye, is not more expensive and should not be any more difficult to obtain than any other color. Casts which are accurate reproductions of classic and modern sculpture may be secured at prices which are a surprise to those who have never looked into the matter. Fine reproductions of many of the world's great pictures may be obtained at very low prices, several firms having made a most successful effort to produce pictures in facsimile of the finest carbon photographs for the especial use of schools. In communities where the board of education is unwilling, or unable for lack of funds, to do anything in this direction, there can be no better field for effort among club women. The difficult thing with many is to make a beginning, for even where it is not necessary to overcome prejudice, it requires effort to arouse public interest to the point where existing conditions are not thought "good enough." It is perhaps best to begin with pictures. A copy of the Sistine Madonna does not look well against a dingy wall or ugly paper, and the necessity for suitably tinted walls is soon realized. A collection of good pictures may be obtained from some of the firms which make a specialty of pictures for schools. These may be used to form an "art exhibit," held in some central locality. A small admission may be charged and tickets put into the hands of the children of the public school, it being understood that each room is to have the proceeds from tickets sold by pupils in that room for the purchase of a picture. This plan stimulates a good-natured rivalry, and the money for the pictures is collected by the children themselves. If well advertised, every-

one will be interested. A beginning once made and the interest of the people once awakened, it will not be difficult to do many things in the direction of beautifying the schoolrooms. Nearly every state federation is urging the co-operation of clubs with the public schools. "Whatever we wish to see introduced into the life of a nation," said Baron Von Humboldt, "must first be introduced into the life of its schools."

CLUB PROGRAMS.

The club programs now making their appearance for 1898-9 show a marked advance, in that the work outlined is more concentrated and planned with a view to thoroughness. It is admitted that the average club woman tries to know and do too many things at once, sometimes forgetting that "moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues." She is anxious to be well informed on matters pertaining to art, literature, music, science and philosophy; her enlarged sympathies push her toward philanthropic work, and she soon finds herself studying also economics, politics and physics, covering a field, the scope of which is, when calmly considered, appalling. There are few women who do not realize the importance of knowing a few things well rather than many things superficially, but it requires courage in the face of so many conflicting interests, to choose between them in such a manner that there will be no confusion of aims. It is much better to discern one's limitations than to go beyond them.

STATE FEDERATION MEETINGS.

Nearly every month in the year, except July and August, is marked by the annual meeting of some State federation. The State federations of Illinois, Minnesota, Colorado, Nebraska, Ohio and those of several other states will hold meetings in October, and the programs have been prepared with

care. These state meetings are so helpful to all who attend that the attendance increases with each meeting. When club women first began "in convention to assemble," direful results were prophesied, and ruined homes and neglected families were only a few things which it was said would certainly follow. None of these things have happened. Instead, these homes are to-day happier, better, more sensibly planned and more wisely cared for than ever before. The annual or biennial meeting brings women together from every corner of the state, and gives an incentive and inspiration of great value. The public discussion of subjects in which each club is interested leads inevitably to better methods and higher ideals, and not the least of the benefits derived from the state meetings is the comradeship developed. Massachusetts finds it impossible to condense into one annual meeting the programs of the State Federation and holds four meetings a year. The autumn meeting will be held at New Bedford, and the special subject to be considered is "Sensational Journalism."

Mrs. Emma A. Fox, Recording Secretary of the G. F. W. C., desires to call attention to the fact that the literary

report of the Denver biennial is not to be published unless one thousand copies are subscribed for. The price of the volume has been fixed at \$1, and the names of subscribers should be sent to Mrs. Emma A. Fox, 21 Bagley avenue, Detroit, Mich.

A number of requests having been received for suggestions for the study of domestic science, the following general outline is submitted:

1. The construction of dwellings—location, relation of rooms, plumbing and drainage, ventilation, heating, lighting.
2. General principles of house furnishing—use and beauty.
3. The composition, value and preparation of foods.
4. Labor-saving methods and utensils.
5. Hygienic clothing
6. Domestic service.
7. Household finance.

As chairman of correspondence for Iowa the editor of this department will be glad to answer any inquiries relating to the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and will furnish application blanks to any club desiring them.

HOME THEMES.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

"I feel that this is my duty and that God has called me to it."—Extract from a letter of a private soldier, afterward killed in battle.]

Peace! Peace to the warrior!
Cold, cold is his breast!
Far, far in the South-land
The green swelling tent of his rest.
Over his head wave the branches,
Oak and palmetto entwine;
North-land and South-land united,
Knit with the clustering vine.
His was a share in the glory;
His was a part of the fight.
He heard the call of his country
Liberty, freedom and right!
Hearts of a nation enthrone him!
Souls of a people implore
God to receive him and own him!
Hero! So rest, evermore!
Ah, but his mother at evening,
Looks down the road thro' her tears.
Faltering, sees in a vision,
The loveless, the comfortless years;

Sees them stand beckoning onward,
Her, his proud mother, alone—
Sobbing she drops to the doorway,
Laying her lips to the stone—
Here, where he knelt for her blessing;
Here, where his young footsteps trod;
Here, where he sprang down the pathway,
Straight to his duty—and God!

Ella Agnes True Conner.

THE TRIALS OF A PHILOSOPHER.

There are undoubtedly moments in the lives of all of us when trusted theories have failed to accomplish the mission whereunto they were sent, when, in the bitterness of disappointment, we wrap ourselves about with gloom as with a garment, and refuse to be comforted.

At such seasons, we review derisively the enthusiasms of yesterday; when in the advocacy of our pet philosophy we discoursed eloquently upon the "silver lining" of dark clouds and listed every phase of mental disquietude among the phantom creations of a world-weary brain.

We recall the exuberance of spirits in which we started out in the morning, armed to meet any foe, and girded with the thought that *serenity* is unfailingly instrumental in the production of equitable conditions, and that in lending our aid to the establishment of normal or natural relations between man and Nature, we would be counted as an ethical force in this lower sphere.

If the disciple be a wife and mother, the first opponent which confronted her was, in all probability, a poor breakfast, with its weak coffee and burned muffins; add to this, the insinuation by some male member of the family that the misfortune was attributable to a lack of oversight on the part of the mistress of the house, and a cloud—at least as large as a man's complaint—will ordinarily appear in the domestic sky.

A taunt is one of those nettles which "produce after its kind" so rapidly, that unless it is uprooted as soon as discovered, there is little hope of its immediate extermination, and the poison of its sting has been known to result in that most serious of all home maladies, maternal heart failure.

Wives and mothers are invariably made the bureaus of complaint, information and cheer in every household, and the mother-heart—which is the fountain-head of supply—often needs that quality of reinforcement which is furnished by an appreciative smile or a loving word; surely it enriches alike both the giver and the receiver, and yet how many over-strained little women die for the lack of it; indeed, they are too devotedly resigned to their fate to question it.

But supposing that the philosopher's armor sustained or resisted its first attack; that coffee, muffins and thoughtless criticism were viewed in the light of their real importance, and that Patience remained smilingly enthroned upon her traditional monument, is she safe from further assaults, or do greater tests await her?

"Do you believe in a personal devil?" was asked of a clergyman, not long since.

"I certainly do, as I come in contact with him or his work every day," was the reply.

Most of us will admit that either he or one of his near relatives appears often enough in our daily experiences to tax the remedial power of the most sanguine philosophy.

He is no longer the "roaring lion" of biblical days, but a purring one who, patterning after the wily wolf, dons at times the sacred garb of friendship as a disguise.

One of his names is Scandal and it is a pitiful truth that in this department of his labors, he never lacks willing messengers to do his bidding. His archers are unerring marksmen, quick to discover the unprotected and weak places in the emotional breastplate, and to pierce them with their darts.

The heart-thrusts which are received from the swords of trusted friends (whose weapons are sheathed in the shining scabbards of professedly kindly intent) are the most cruel and deadly in their effects, rarely ever healing; while the life-long scar is a constant reminder of the mortal wound dealt to implicit trust.

"Oh for 'the love that thinketh no evil'!" we cry; for one who will

Be to my faults a little blind,
And to my virtues not unkind!

Fortunately, for us all, however, Nature, though patient, is intolerant of prolonged indulgence in extremes, as these excesses are sure to produce those miscreative moods which come at last to revel in injustice and unreality; and soon a reactionary and salvatory influence overcomes our prejudices and draws us gently back to a brighter, better and healthier view—"the world, the flesh and the (?)."

Philosophy declares that happiness depends upon our making the best of things as we find them. Shall we discard this master because his counsels too often serve as a balm rather than a preventive of ills? Surely the presence of a remedy—in suggesting its needs—performs its highest mission and will afford ample and timely warning to the wise.

Disassociation with ill-begetting influences, will emancipate the despondent from the slavery of fear and apprehension, and mental vision which has become dimmed and weakened by continuous strain in the search after danger signals, will, under the disillusioning effect of sanguine expectation, see, not only the flower-crowned and sunlit heights of possible attainment, but be made to recognize his joint heirship in these priceless possessions.

Maria Weed.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

IN THE minds of most Americans the War of the Revolution developed but one traitor—Benedict Arnold. But in actual fact the struggle of the colonists for independence developed another traitor whose purposes and deeds equal, if they do not surpass, those of Arnold in bad eminence. Comparatively recent as is the history of our war for the independence of the colonies, and thoroughly as we think we know our country's history, how small would be the percentage of our people who could supply the name of that other traitor whose infamy at least can match that of Benedict Arnold?

* *

IN the course of his brilliant address on the unveiling of the monument to the memory of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," in Frederick, Md., on the 9th of August last, Mr. Henry Watterson used these words:

Another might have been chosen to lead the Continental armies,—a brilliant and distinguished soldier, but, as we now know, not only a corrupt adventurer, but a traitor, who preceded Arnold, and who, had he been commander of the forces at Valley Forge, would have betrayed his adopted country for the coronet which Washington despised.

To students of the War of the Revolution whose only sources of information are histories and biographies written prior to 1860, it must seem incomprehensible that these words should apply to any one of the historic personages in Washington's army. Sparks, in his biography of Gen. Charles Lee, speaks of the subject of his sketch as "a chivalrous spirit," "a true friend of liberty," but wayward, rash, eccentric, defeating "his own lofty purposes." "It would be ungrateful to say," he adds, "that he did not render to this country, in the time of her trial, important services; it would be futile to deny, that, by his indiscretion and ill-

timed vehemence, he contributed much to diminish the respect, which these services might otherwise claim."

This tribute to General Lee's patriotism was rendered in 1846. Would that the truth of history might be thus easily satisfied! But not until the advent of George H. Moore's *Memoirs of the Life and Treason of Charles Lee*, in 1860, were the unwelcome facts presented to the public, revealing a degree of turpitude beside which Arnold's treason is, to say the least, comprehensible.

* *

It appears that Charles Lee—who is not to be confounded with the other Lees conspicuous in the history of the Revolution—was a disgruntled English officer who, after brief service in the Polish and the Russian army, finally entered the American army, receiving a Major-General's commission. After a conference with a committee appointed at his own request, Congress indemnified him for the loss he alleged to have sustained from renouncing his allegiance to England, appropriating \$30,000 for that purpose. After Washington's defeat on Long Island, Lee's ambition to succeed his chief perceptibly developed. After the evacuation of New York he lingered for weeks in Westchester, notwithstanding Washington's urgent commands that he join him in New Jersey. Finally, Lee started; but he inexcusably lingered along the way, utterly disregarding the directions of his chief as to dates and route. While on the way he was surprised and captured by the British.

Down to this event, there is no evidence of other dereliction than negligence and disobedience of orders. But now comes the damning testimony, not brought to light till some eighty years afterwards, that Lee, in order to ensure his own personal safety, assumed

the rôle of traitor. A document has been found bearing Lee's signature,—indorsed by the British Secretary as "Mr. Lee's Plan,"—which submits to the British commander a scheme for the conquest of America, "unhinging and dissolving the whole system of defense." After his exchange and return to the American camp, Lee took reluctant part in the campaign which drove the British back across New Jersey. In the battle of Monmouth his wilful misconduct in ordering a retreat by which the battle was almost lost, in direct disobedience to the command of his chief, who was hurrying to his support, evoked from the commander-in-chief the memorable oath and scathing rebuke which marks the one authenticated exception to Washington's record for perfect command of himself under trying circumstances.

For irresolution and negligence and writing disrespectful letters to his chief, Lee was suspended from command for a year. He had expected to be triumphantly acquitted. When Congress ratified the decree, he retired to his Virginia farm and devoted himself chiefly to writing newspaper slurs upon the character of Washington and the conduct of the war. At the end of his term of suspension, an insulting note to Washington compelled the commander-in-chief to peremptorily dismiss him from the service.

LEE's faults and failings were many, and suspicious circumstances raising question as to his loyalty to the cause he had espoused were numerous, but the evidence of his treason rests upon the document developed by Mr. Moore before the New York Historical Society in 1858, and afterwards brought out in the *Memoirs* already referred to. The authenticity of the document is deemed incontrovertible.* "Mr. Lee's Plan," outlined in general terms, was "the concentration of forces at Annapolis and Alexandria for the purpose of cutting off communication between the North-

ern and the Southern states; the result of which would be, that while the advance of Burgoyne from the north would give sufficient occupation to New England and New York, Howe could overwhelm the American Army in New Jersey, 'thus unhinging and dissolving the whole system of defense.'"

While the treason of Arnold was the fall of a brave man whose military record down to the date of his crime was without blemish and unsurpassed in brilliancy of achievement, the treason of Lee, like his career, was cowardly and despicable.

THE over-punctuation of books printed a half century and more ago is illustrated in the sentence from Sparks' sketch of Gen. Charles Lee, quoted on another page of Editorial Comment. The quotation there used includes seven commas and one semicolon. The punctuation requirements of the period would be satisfied by striking out all seven commas and the semicolon and dividing the long and chopped up sentence into two sentences, making it read thus:

It would be ungrateful to say that he did not render to this country in the time of her trial important services. It would be futile to deny that by his indiscretion and ill-timed vehemence he contributed much to diminish the respect which these services might otherwise claim.

THIS leads us to answer the oft-put question: "Whose punctuation do you follow?" The answer is, Our own. Unlike D'Israeli's alleged "sensible men,"—who, when asked what their religion is, "never tell,"—we are willing and glad to tell what our rule of punctuation is. Here you have it in few words:

1. Never use a comma if "the wayfarer, though a fool," can grasp the meaning of the text without it.

2. Never use a semicolon when a comma will serve the author and the reader as well.

*We quote from Appleton's *American Cyclopædia*, Vol. V, 1872.

3. Never use a colon when a semi-colon will serve as well.

4. Wherever there is no climacteric effect to be preserved, cut up your semi-coloned and coloned sentence into short sentences.

5. Use commas and periods as your standbys.

6. Use the semicolon chiefly to better express antithesis, and to group phrases and clauses.

7. Use the colon chiefly in formal enumeration, after "viz," "as follows," and the like.

8. Use the dash to indicate an abrupt break in the sentence, an after-thought, and, in many instances where in old times the parenthesis was used, to indicate that the words included are parenthetically employed.

9. Use the parenthesis only when you find dashes are not sufficiently exclusive.

10. Never use brackets except where you insert some word of your own in a quotation from some other author.

11. Never use an interrogation point except when your question is direct; *e. g.* it would be improper to use it after "girl" in this sentence: "He asked what ailed the girl."

12. Use an exclamation point whenever you want to, but don't want to over-much. An over-use of the exclamation point, like the over-use of italics, seriously weakens. Used temperately, the exclamation is strengthening.

These are our rules to-day. To-morrow, if we see any new light we shall follow it. But we are not likely to stray far away from the course above marked out. Punctuation, like sentence-making, becomes second nature after while. In punctuation as in sentence-making, we do well or ill as we succeed or fail in presenting our thought in fewest words. The words should be so chosen and arranged as to develop our meaning, our whole meaning and nothing but our meaning.

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SPEAKING of "the wayfaring man," we recall a story heard years ago in

Missouri. It was given a local application; but one never knows the age or actual birthplace of the local story he hears. In an address to a candidate for the ministry, the preacher declared the truths of the Gospel to be so plain and easy of interpretation, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein—. Here the preacher, being somewhat of a logician and therefore nothing if not on the defensive, fortified his declaration by adding:—"provided he be a reasonably intelligent man!"

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A WRITER in the *Saturday Review* suggests that Spain "raise the wind" by offering her art treasures for sale. That device would surely succeed in putting money into Spain's empty purse, but at what a cost! No country is poor that has laid up for itself treasures in art—real art. Every year adds to their value. This writer tells us that in the Royal Picture Gallery at Madrid there are over two thousand canvases, and among these many of the most beautiful and famous pictures ever painted. Here, for instance, are ten paintings by Raphael, forty-six by Murillo, sixty-four by Velasquez, twenty-two by Van Dyck, sixty-two by Rubens, forty-three by Titian, twenty-five by Paul Veronese, and ten by Claude Lorraine. No one could hope to make such a collection now. It is estimated that the two thousand paintings are easily worth \$200,000,000. Spain is not likely to act on the suggestion. The sale of such a collection to relieve a temporary embarrassment would be as contemptible as the sale of family portraits to gratify individual extravagances.

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GREAT BRITAIN has wisely followed the counsel of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, the "Halifax" of the reign of Charles II and of William and Mary. Whenever he was driven from court or impelled by his own caution to seek the security of private life, Halifax handily turned his attention to pam-

phleteering. In 1694 he wrote his "Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea," containing, among many other notable passages, the admonition that "the first article of an Englishman's political creed must be that he believed in the sea; for it may be said to England, Martha, Martha, thou art busy about many things, but one thing is necessary. To the question what shall we do and be saved in this world, there is no answer but this, Look to your moat." More than two hundred years have since elapsed, and England is looking to her moat more closely than ever before, and woe to the power that threatens that

"Fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of War."

In using the word "moat" in this connection doubtless Halifax had in mind Gaunt's splendid tribute to England in Richard II, in which the sea is mentioned as a wall,

"Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands."

* *

DR. JOHN HALL, whose death occurred on the 17th of September, was a man of ponderous brain and body, but gentle as a child. With the suggestion of a resemblance to Colonel Ingersoll, in physique and in manner, there was no other known resemblance than in his love for men, and for the beautiful in nature and art, and his high appreciation of the domestic virtues. Doctor Hall accepted in faith and on trust the whole Gospel, and was not disturbed by any of the old doubt-provokers to be found in Old Testament Scriptures. Colonel Ingersoll accepts nothing in faith and on trust, whether in the Bible or out of the Bible. Doctor Hall spent his life trying to build up, being perfectly satisfied as to the foundations of his faith. Colonel Ingersoll would build up; but is not satisfied with the foundations prepared for him, and is spending his best years in trying to pull them down that they who come after him may lay new foundations.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Octave Thanet's labor stories, which have been running in *Scribner's*, are to appear in book form under the title "The Heart of Toil."

Maj. S. H. M. Byers contributes to the New York *Saturday Review* of September 10th a delightful sketch of Lord Byron's summer in Switzerland.

Harper & Brothers have accepted for publication a volume of Danish fairy and folk tales prepared by Mr. J. Christian Bay, of Des Moines. The tales were gathered from a number of sources, oral and written, and will be illustrated partly from Danish drawings, partly from new ones made expressly for the book. The volume will be published by both the New York and the London branch of the Harpers.

Andrew Lang is trying to find just what it is in *Quo Vadis* that the public likes so well.

Mr. Lang thinks the "New Testament Novels" of the period exactly answer in our day to the old dramas in which biblical history was acted in miracle and mystery plays, filling up the spaces which the imagination leaves vacant, and show the characters in real dresses and properties.

Mr. Lang is not recognizable if not satirical, and the dear unknowing ones are his daily food. Hear him! Speaking of the public he says: "It likes to read a lively sketch of an Apostle at home. Peter's wife's mother would make good 'copy'; also the treatment of Peter's wife by the local medical man."

Here even the all-knowing Andrew Lang's memory slipped a cog. If he had turned to his Bible he would have found that it was not Peter's wife, but Peter's mother-in-law, who was very low with the fever.

M. Rostand, author of the poetical play "Cyrano de Bergerac," promises to be the greatest luminary that is to light up the darkness of these last nights of the Nineteenth Century. Though critics still incline to credit the phenomenal success of his drama to the genius of M. Coynelin chiefly, yet, nevertheless, the play continues to grow in public grace, and the genius of its author is reluctantly acknowledged by many who at first withheld the word of praise. M. Rostand is only 29 years old. Augustin Tilon, in *Fortnightly Review*, concluded his eulogium of the newly discovered genius in these words: "I

do not shrink from saying that Cyrano is France, France at her best, France at the culminating point of her genius."

There seems to be a genuine revival of interest in Jane Austen. One of the incidentals of turning over again the pages thumbed by our grandmothers is the enforced comparison between the English of Jane Austen and that of her present-day successors. There is little difference worth noting; but now and then one comes upon such an unaccountably bad sentence as this (from Chapter X of "Persuasion"): "Anne admired again the sort of necessity which the family habits seemed to produce, of everything *having to be* communicated, and everything *having to be* done together, however undesired and inconvenient."

Henry James is safe—for a time, at least—for Mr. Garland is far, far away in the Upper Yukon country. Mr. James finds in Hamlin Garland "a case of saturation so precious as to have almost the value of genius." And again, "I express his price to my own taste, with all honor, if I call him the soaked sponge of Wisconsin."

Paul Leicester Lord points out a distinction which needs to be borne in mind in this day of many historical novels, good and bad. "A novel is historical or unhistorical," he says, "because it embodies or does not embody the real feelings and tendencies of the age or generation it attempts to depict, and in no sense because the events it records have happened or the people it describes have lived . . . The events and characters must be typical, not exceptional, to give it the atmosphere which, to another generation, shall make it seem more than a mere created fancy."

Blanche Roosevelt, the Marchesa d' Alligrilli, singer and author, died in London on the 10th of September. This woman's short career was Americanesque—that is, varied. Her real name was Blanche Isabella Pauline Tucker. She was born in Sandusky less than forty years ago. Her father had charge of Camp Douglas, Chicago, during the last years of the war. Blanche was a beautiful girl with a voice of rare possibilities. The generous souled Franc B. Wilkie sent the girl to Paris to be educated. After a not wholly successful career on the stage, Blanche married Marquis d' Alligrilli. Among her friends was

Longfellow, and under his supervision she wrote her first book, "Home Life of Longfellow." Her life of Doré won for her a decoration from the French Institute. During her residence in the French Capital her beauty won for her the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in Paris. Had Blanche Roosevelt possessed less of physical beauty, her intellectual life doubtless would have been more productive. But "beauty is its own excuse for being," and there are compensations.

The death of "Winnie" Davis removes from American literature one of its most promising contributors. The name of Varenna Anne Jefferson Davis was slowly and surely winning its way, and almost wholly on the merits of the novels to which it was attached. "The Veiled Doctor," and "A Romance of Summer Seas" promise to hold a permanent place—though several removes from the highest—in American literature. "The Daughter of the Confederacy," as she was called, was beloved by her friends in the North for her own sake and by everybody in the South, not only because of her beautiful character and charming personality, but also because of her association with the Lost Cause and her close relation with the leader of that cause.

"Gutter Scotch!" Gracious heavens! Is the confidence of millions in the perfection of dialect used by the new school of Scotch novelists to be rudely destroyed by the Scottish Text Society? At a recent meeting of that society, Chairman Findlay urged the necessity of doing something at once to save the Gaelic language from hopeless amalgamation with the slang of the gut. The new school of Scotch fiction Mr. Findlay ungraciously terms the Kail-yard school—which, translated into our English, means the cabbage-garden school! And certain especial favorites of American lovers of the Scotch-English fiction of the period—are tabooed as gutter Scotch! It takes a Scotchman to scientifically do a Scotchman.

Edward E. Hale, Jr., likes John Jay Chapman's essay on Browning; but disapproves of his treatment of Whitman and Stevenson. Mr. Hale saddens some of us who think we know Browning in part, by endorsing Mr. Chapman's belief that the great mass of Browning will, in future, be rediscovered by be-

lated sufferers from the philosophy of the Nineteenth Century.

Mr. Chapman thinks it is Stevenson's style that attracts. Mr. Hale, still prodigal with his red apples—kept in stock for better purposes—says (we quote from *The Dial* of September 1st), "I would bet a large, red apple that about nine-tenths of those who delight in Stevenson have no suspicion that he 'has style' and would regard it as a blemish if the notion occurred to them."

May not Mr. Chapman be wholly right and yet Mr. Hale be in no danger of losing his bet? If simplicity and perspicuity are not essentials to style, and if these are not the qualities to which the masses who read books have ever responded, knowingly or unknowingly, then we shall have to call on Mr. Hale to give us his new definition of style, and his secret as to the power of Stevenson if it be not the simplicity and perspicuity of his narrative.

Mr. Hale says that while the Emerson and Browning cults are now accepted, and are no longer annoying, the Whitman cult and the Stevenson cult are not accepted, but are still on the offensive, so far as they are cults at all.

The number of Stevenson's readers and admirers is certainly on the increase. But so simple and vivid is the Stevenson style that no two or three are prompted to gather in his name and study his text. Stevenson is his own interpreter.

It is not so with Browning—it is not so with Whitman. Both these poets and philosophers either consciously or unconsciously clothe their thoughts and fancies in obscurities, in mysteries. There is, we think, abundant evidence in the writings of both that they at least regarded with complacency the complaints of their friends and the censure of their enemies on the obscurities of much of their text. Whitman somewhere compares his own mysticism to that of the Almighty as found in His works.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The second number of *The Critic* in its monthly-magazine form is so interesting as to almost drown our sorrow over the loss of its once-a-week visits.

Newspaper readers will readily recall the thrilling accounts published by the Associated Press, of the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet. September *McClure's* enables the writers of these accounts, Mr. George E. Graham on the Brooklyn, and Mr. W. S. M. Goode on the New York, to deliberately retell their story.

The New York *Ledger* is making the mistake of its life-time—changing from a weekly to a monthly. The *Ledger* constituency is of an insistent kind that find a week a long time to wait for the next installments of its continued stories.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Enclosed find short original poem which I hope you may think available for your magazine, though, perhaps nothing is acceptable that does not come from a regular contributor.

The nine volumes of this magazine include hundreds of poems and nearly all of them are by contributors whose names appear but once. The only regular contributors to *THE MIDLAND* are, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Weed, Mrs. Townner, and a few others who do departmental work.

As I was born but a few miles from Des Moines I feel that I have a right to be in the magazine.

The birthplace of a writer "has nothing to do with the case."

This is the first time I have tried to write anything and I don't know as it is of any merit, but you will know of course. I would not want my real name printed, so it will be no use to write it.

You have taken a most effectual way to keep your name out of print—and your manuscript also.

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

REMBRANDT (1607-1669).

Rembrandt Harmens van Rijn was born at Leyden, July 15, 1607. His father was a miller of some means and, Rembrandt being the fourth son, it was decided in the family to give him a liberal education, fitting him for a

learned profession. At the high school he soon manifested his decided talent, and also his determination to be a painter. In those days painters were men of value to church and society. Kings and prelates delighted to do them honor. A boy with a genius for

art was not discouraged, but at once placed with instructors that he might early master the language of art expression. For three years Rembrandt studied with a teacher of ordinary merit, probably recognizing his own superiority, but content to gain what he could from tradition. Six months with Tastman of Amsterdam, a man of more power, completed his academical training; from henceforth nature, and nature alone, was to be his inspiration, his instructor.

In these early days his mother, his sister, his own face in a mirror were his models, constantly recurring and painted with the excellent results which familiarity with one model brings to the painstaking student.

He found inspiration and encouragement in these gentle women of his home and never did his love for them waver, nor was his duty to them forgotten in after years of success and happiness with his beautiful wife, Saskia. Urgently requested to come to Amsterdam, he went in 1631, and at the age of 23 became the first portrait painter of Amsterdam. The incidents of his life, its brilliant beginning, its happy flowering in the sunshine of love and wealth and fame; its loss and sorrow and sin in the darker years that followed need not be repeated in this brief note. His life was a romance, surrounded by the picturesque setting of the Seventeenth Century. Through it all to the end his hand never faltered, his purpose never swerved; to paint always and ever for the highest and best expression possible—to give the world the glories he saw of light, color and form, even when all light and glory save that of fame, was gone out forever from his individual life.

Rembrandt's earlier work has a prevailing tone of greenish-gray; it lacks color, though the effects of light and dark are most carefully thought out and strongly expressed. To this earlier period belongs the "Lesson in Anatomy" of The Hague. This picture is rather disappointing to one who has formed his ideas from fine photographs of later work, and from that splendid head of "The Gilder" in our museum at New York. Painted when only 25 years of age it is a marvel, but it leaves the "spectator" cold and unmoved. We wonder at the life which permeates that little group around the handsome Dr. Tulp, and one also wonders if the medical students of that time were such elegant gentlemen as this picture

represents them to have been. We look in vain here for the color, the glow, the intense light and dark of our ideal Rembrandt. To find this in its perfection we must enter the gallery at Amsterdam. The "Night Watch," more correctly the "Sortie of the Banning Cock Company," hangs at the end of a long gallery, empty of paintings, out of which lead alcoves where one may study the painter's contemporaries. At the end an immense curtain, hanging from an arch of great height, hides all but the outward rush of this gallant company from its club house. All is movement, life, gaiety and military glory. A pageant of that buried century is caught and held forever on the canvas, though all who made its glory, and the hand that snatched the moment from oblivion, are dust and ashes. It is not a picture; it is a living representation, although the "light that never was on land or sea" fills the canvas. After the first impression of surprise and delight we wonder how daylight could ever have been translated into that jeweled glare. It is like electric light shining through stained glass windows on a background of night and mystery. In the Amsterdam gallery hangs the portrait of an old Dutch dame. This figure is so instinct with life that it appears to an imaginative on-looker to breathe, or as if the last breath were just drawn and you wait an instant for the next. I saw but two portraits in all Europe that have this quality and they were both by this master—the "Madam Bas" and the "Burgermaster Six" of the collection at the House of the Burgermaster Six, who was so long Rembrandt's friend and patron. This portrait seems to embody all the study and experience of years in one sudden moment of inspiration, struck off at white heat; it has the dash of Franz Hals, added to the unapproachable solidity, finish and elegance of Rembrandt.

The work of Rembrandt has a quality of soul, the "spirituelle" of the French expression, something entirely different from our word spirituality or ideality. High thinking and noble feeling are everywhere prenent in his work and there is little that is not of first rank. Never for a moment do we detect the coarseness of Rubens, though often we meet the richness of color, the opalescent quality of shadow which is Ruben's especial mark of greatness.

There be many prophets in art, but surely a greater has never arisen than Rembrandt van Rijn of Leyden.